

The Mansion

Sunday p.m. Feb. 18th 766

My Dear Harry -

Does it occur to you today that this is the anniversary of your visit to Conway to attend "Gauszi's" wedding? I find, written in my last year diary under this date, "Harry Bright's came today - escorted me home from the office."

Tomorrow will be the day that Augusta will celebrate. In order to do that she has invited the Major's family to take tea with her - her health wouldn't permit of much excitement you know.

I hadn't much faith that you would be here at this time when you

said you would a year ago, but
although I am not suffering from
any disappointment on that account,
I wish every thing had favored you to
that extent that you might have
made your mind good. Oh! I'm getting
to be a very selfish girl! - A letter
every day would not satisfy me - nothing
but seeing you face to face will
settle my restless impatience. How in
the world your mother has let you stay
away so long puzzles me. Why if
you were my very own, as you are here,
you should never stay from me more
minutes I know. Now, do you suppose
your mother would go to Nevada with
me? I think not, but it would do
no harm to ask her. Her present
home is no doubt pleasant, but yet
a home with her children would seem
a little more like a real home than
any boarding place can. I have wanted
to mention the subject to her, but

thought perhaps it would be more
proper for you to do so first.

The second letter I hoped to have
this week did not come so I've no
letter to answer, and nothing of importance
to say, - except the three words some
one (who evidently had been jilted), says
any woman will write in every line
of a sixteen paged letter and think
in the end that she hasn't said
it at all. Of course my letter
contains nothing of the sort! It's
only women who are in love that
make such silly repetitions.

This is a very lonely day - a
slight ride would not be out of
place. Indeed I think it would
be beneficial to my head. The
Church did not seem to be just
the place to cure it, as I am
at home. Don't imagine I am sick
for it is only an attack of my
old head ache disease - I'm sure too

earlier, thinking I had "outgrown"
them. The Doctor has left me some
medicine which will make it all
right in a day or two.

Mr Brown has been quite ill
for the past few days but he
is on the convalescent list today.

Ada is coming for Clara this week.
I sort of hate to have the child go
away - it is so pleasant to pass in
and say "how do you do" every day or two,
and then as Mrs Smith very truthfully
remarked yesterday, "It won't be long before
the Rocky Mountains will divide you."

I sort of love this little town with
its quiet warm-hearted, homespun people,
and if I did not "love Rome even"
the thought of leaving all would
be very bitter. As it is I often wish
I could take every spot and every person
I love with me, then the thought
of the drab cargo they would make
amuse me and I laugh off every regret.

Later - Luc has just left me. She made quite a call, during which I entertained her with my melodious voice accompanied by the melodeon, then to detain her longer I dunned her hair in various ways and nearly put her into a trance - say, don't you want me to comb your sweet silky locks? I'll do it with pleasure but be careful not to commit the mistake of offering me again the "bit of monish" for I shall surely take it.

By the way - I suppose that was a specimen of your strategy, the night before leaving Albany, when you asked me to comb your hair in the presence of your mother and the Miller's family. Of course you knew I wouldn't refuse and yet it conveyed the impression that you were on quite

Feb. 18, 1866

intimate terms when I complied so
readily. Oh! it's been a most
unfair game throughout! Indeed I've
held no trump cards at all, - to
say nothing of the years of experience
which were piled up against me.

Don't flatter yourself that you did
much in winning that game!

I've no doubt but that you have
won, and thrown away hearts by the
dozen, to which that of the unedu-
cated girl "every doer in Maine", would
be no part of a comparison.

It's my humble opinion that the
talk about her being your "first love"
was all nonsense, or some ^{thing} equally
filmy.

Lucy did not go to Andover as
she thought of doing. The traveling
was not good and her tickets were
too small - two good reasons.

Henry, how much does the
style of ladies dress differ out there?

Suppose you send me a picture
of some of your female friends.
I'll return it, or keep it for you.
Mrs Johnsons, or Miss Betty's
would please me best.

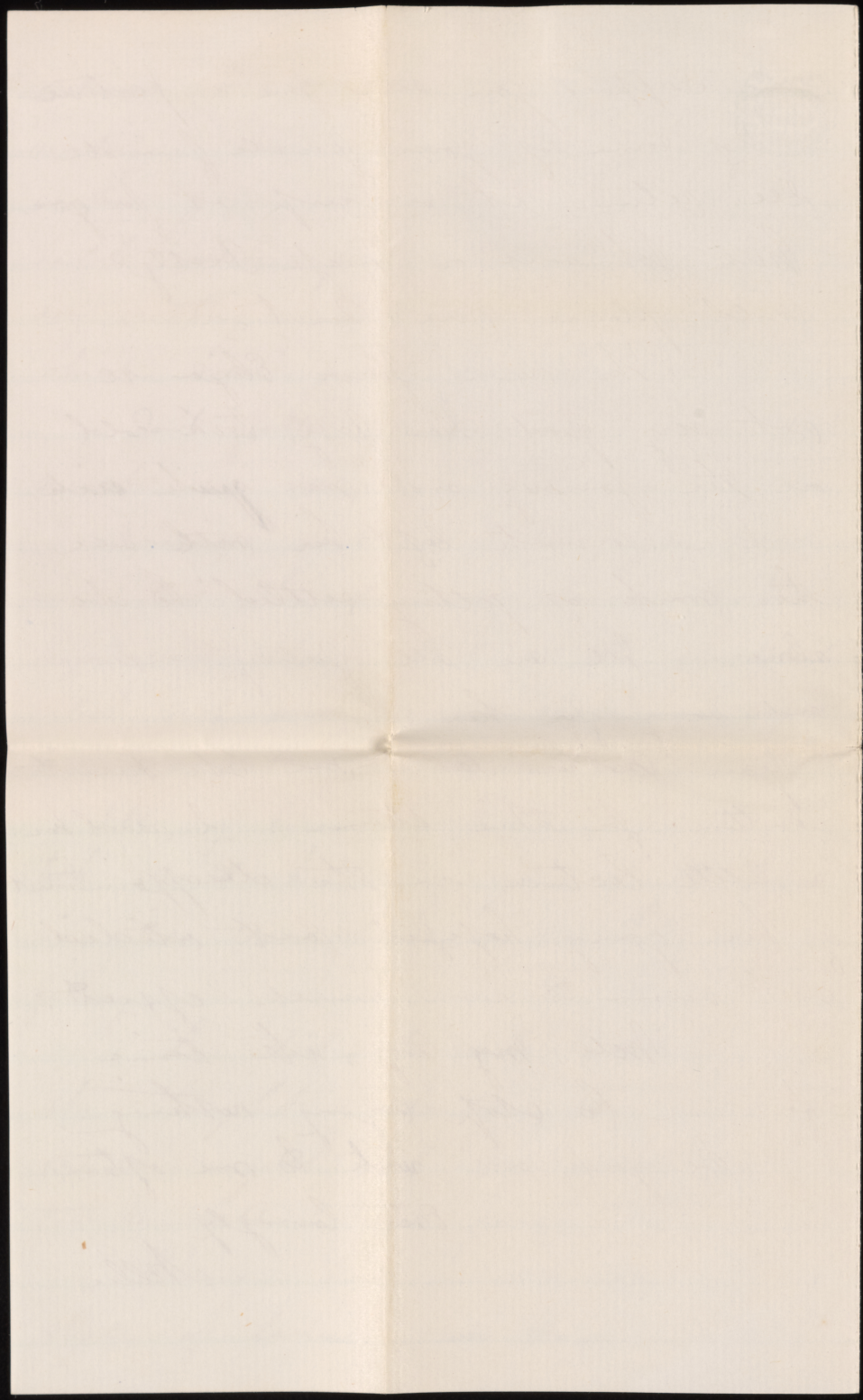
The news from Eliza is
not very good. Her baby took cold
on the journey and was quite sick.
The servants left her with all
the work of getting "settled" to do
alone. We are all feeling anxious
and sorry for her.

Your mother tells me she hasn't
written for this steamer. I read her
a little lecture on the disappointment
of her going hopeful but it did
not seem to have much effect.

Well, my boy, it's time
for me to stop saying nothing.
Be good, and write to me often.

Ever lovingly

Nellie



The Mansion.
Sunday p.m. Feb. 18th / 66

My Dear Harry --

Does it occur to you today that this is the anniversary of your visit to Norway to attend "Gussy's" wedding? I found, written in my last years diary under this date, "Harry Mighels came today" -- escorted me home from the Office".

Tomorrow will be the day that Augusta will celebrate. In order to do that she has invited the Majors family to take tea with her -- her health wouldn't permit so much excitement you know.

I hadn't much faith that you would be here at this time when you

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This is a very lovely day -- a sleigh ride would not be out of place. Indeed I think it would be beneficial to my head. The Church did not seem to be just the place to cure it, so I am at home. Don't imagine I am sick for it is only an attack of my old headache disease -- I've been too

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Mr Favor has been quite ill for the past few days but he is on the convalescent list today.

Add is coming for Flora this week. I sort of hate to have the child go away -- it is so pleasant to run in and say "how do you do" every day or two, and then as Miss Smith very truthfully remarked yesterday, "it won't be long before the Rocky Mountains will divide you."

I sort of love this little town with its quiet warm-hearted, home spun people, and if I did not "love Rome more" the thought of leaving all would be very bitter. As it is I often wish I could take every spot and every person I love with me, then the thought of the droll cargo they would make amuses me and I laugh off any regrets.

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By the way -- I suppose that was a specimen of your strategy the night after leaving Norway when you asked me to comb your hair in the presence of your mother and the Milletts family. Of course you knew I wouldn't refuse and yet it conveyed the impression that we were on quite

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intimate terms when I complied so readily. Oh! it's been a most unfair game throughout! Indeed I've held no trump cards at all, -- to say nothing of the years of experience which were piled up against me.

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It's my humble opinion that the talk about her being your "first love" was all moonshine, or something equally filmy.

Lue did not go to Condoover as she thought of doing. The travelling was not good and Mr Millett was too unwell -- two good reasons.

Harry, how much does the style of ladies dress differ out there?

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