

The Mansion.

Sunday P.M. March 7th /66

My Dear Harry -

My thanks are due

you for a nice big package of papers.

As they bear dates as late as Feb. 4th
I know another steamer is in, but why
the letters are so much behind (it
has been four days, is more than I
can tell. I am in hopes tomorrow will
bring me greetings from my absent boy.

The past week varied the monotony
a little so you shall have a history of
my doings. Wednesday afternoon Lucie and
I took tea with Augusta. She and

See you get on nicely and are both growing fat. Augusta will be as stout as Sarah if she continues to thrive so well.

Thursday, Henry Cushman came, you will remember that he is very good company. He sings gaily "There's nothing like a cousin there's nothing half so sweet." and to illustrate, takes one ^{piece} as often as he can get it - says he knows you will consider it well right.

He went to Portland to the Fair and came back Saturday. Friday, Lue had a little girl company, and I went over to help her entertain them.

We made corn balls and molasses candy for them and had quite a jolly time.

Last evening, William Millett and his wife, Jim Denforth and Lue, and Mr Cushman and I went up to Henry Kedd. We had a fine sleigh ride and a pleasant time after we got there. Got home about midnight.

Wednesday, Lue and I went over to the depot to see Pigeon, who was passing up on his way to Canada. He has become considerably interested in oil. Indeed I believe he is the President of an oil company and Mark is the Secretary. Wish they might make fortunes, but my only hopes are that they won't lose what they invest.

Today has been delightful.

I rode up to Church with Mr Cushman and after Lue, and after services we went to ride over to Paris. This evening we are going to call upon Augusta.

Do you remember - I was just one year ago today, that you came back - that we walked up town together - that you made me put a ring upon my finger, and that we two called over to Augustas talking upon such serious subjects?

How I wish we could repeat
it! We should be so much
happier now. - "The months creep
slowly on" - But "there's a good time
a coming".

It's too dark to write.

Good night dear.

Tuesday evening March 6th

For the past two days
I've been in a perfect fever of anxiety
and impatience, at your silence. I
got the notion into my silly head that
you must be sick, and I'm afraid
our mother thought me a naughty girl
because I would not accept her
reasoning on the subject and be comforted.

Tonight your dear letter of Jan. 28th
gladdened my eyes and heart. I make
no attempt to explain its delay
because I am so glad to have it
at last.

I am sorry you have not received



the little pin of my hair - not because of it's value but just as a remembrance. I sent it from Portland and do not understand why it has not reached you, for I believe you have received all the other letters I sent from there.

I'm afraid my recent letters will be anything but comforting in your days of hard work and vexations.

I know I have expressed some impatience to see you, but please don't think dear that I have a thought that you are "slow" at making ready for me, on the contrary I think you have done remarkably well indeed. I had no thought when you left me a year ago, that you would so soon be established in such a good business.

I am proud of your success and the ability you have displayed.

and if the money doesn't
come fast enough - why, our
love is strong enough to stretch
over another twelve months. If
it wouldn't hold, it would not be
worth having, would it dear?

Much as it would delight me
to clasp your hands, I should be
grieved if you gratified me against
your better judgment.

The diamond ring pleased me
entirely, and I hope you have not
taken the trouble to send me another.

It was only a foolish whim of
mine about the other, and I do
hope it has not caused any fears
that the ring did not please me,
to enter your head. - There was so little
black upon it that I did not think any
thing about it.

I found in one of the last "Appeals"
"a Parody on the time" which I fancy you
wrote - am I correct? - It is very well

done and the sentiment is excellent.

By the way who is "George Hap"?
I do not like his communications
much, they contain too large a share
of slang to suit my taste, yet I
always smile at their dullery.

Why should you guess that Joe was
mixed up with Louis's secret? I am
quite sure I did not mention his
name in that connection. You must
have made a tremendous jump to reach
that conclusion. I gave her your message
and, trying to look indignant she said,
"what have you been telling him? and
I answered - "nothing - never said a word
about Joe" - you can't know any more
of our conversation.

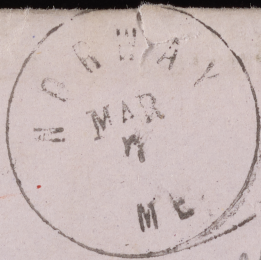
Your mother wrote last night
and probably told you the particulars
of Melina Tucker's death. It is a
sad case and every body feels to mourn.
You know she was Mrs. Jones's sister
so it comes very near me.

I must not stop to write
more. - You know I sleep with
Lue.

God bless you my dear Boy.

Ever lovingly
Mellie -

By Steam



March 7
1866

Capt. Harry R. Maghuk

Barson City
Arada

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