

Norway July 8<sup>th</sup> / 1866

Dear Harry.

Some how I allowed myself to forget the day of the month until it is now so late to send you a letter by the steamer of the 10<sup>th</sup> as I'll mark it "Overland" hoping it will reach you nearly as soon.

This I suppose will be my last Sunday in Norway for some time. The thought makes me feel rather quiet and a little depressed in spirit. Yesterday I moved the children up to Mrs Smiths, and last night they came down to see me



with their eyes full of tears - thinking  
their lot almost too hard to be borne.

I felt so badly for them that I almost  
fear I do wrong to bore them.

May I be forgiven if I have - I tried  
to find the right.

Mollie Goss is with me. She  
comes up Sunday and will return  
with me next Tuesday. I shall  
stay a number of days in Portland.  
I must buy me another salve.

Your mother has given me fifty  
dollars to do it with. She has  
been very kind and generous to me.  
and I shall try and be a good  
daughter to her - It's the only way  
I can repay her.

Mrs Mary Merrill has given  
me a silver pickle fork and  
spoon. The Col. presented a pretty  
set of jewelry. Lucie a nice

gold thimble, Augusta a pearl  
card case, Mrs Millitt a nicely  
made work basket, The Major a  
hat upon which Lucie displayed her  
taste, and Mollie Goss a card  
basket. I think my friends are  
remembering me very kindly.

Yes, I keep all your letters, nothing  
but absolute necessity would induce  
me to part with them. I think  
there is quite as much danger that  
I shall have to read them for consolation  
as that you will mine. I think  
young man you have been too carrying  
on something of a flirtation with Miss  
Beatty. Don't go away & get  
jealous about it, but you'll have  
to be careful when I am near.

It's time to dress for Church.  
You shall listen to more of my  
chatting after I get back.



Late.

It is now about sunset and delightfully cool after a refreshing shower.

We listened to an excellent sermon - a straight part-git - was especially for me - not that our福音ism meant it should be, but the application was easily taken to myself. We had just time to walk down to Mrs Souths before the shower and in consequence stayed to tea. I played on my old melodeon a little and as I closed it said "good bye old fellow".

I noticed that Mattie couldn't keep the tears back, poor child; I didn't dare to speak to her - fearing I should lose my own self control - I've been braver than you - hope they won't make me cry when I say the last "good bye".

Isn't it terrible about the fire in Portland? Their display of fire water on the "glorious fourth" must have



was fearfully grand. One cannot  
realize the horrors of that night  
scene. May's description is vivid  
and thrilling. She came very near  
losing her life in the mill, but  
was saved by a friend who risked  
his life for her, and got himself  
quite badly burned. May's hair  
was singed considerably. Her home  
was not burned - she met the  
adventure down town.

Byront Office was burned but  
he saved most of his valuables,  
Wash and Ned were burned out of  
boarding places. One of my aunts  
(Mrs Bennett) lost her home and  
her all. Her family here gone  
to live with Grandfather.

You will get fuller and better  
accounts of the magnitude by the  
papers than I can possibly give, so



I'll not try to enter into further details. After I become "Associate Editor" you shall teach me how the "Special Correspondents" give such nice accounts of every event that transpires - will you?

I shall not be likely to write you but one more letter after this. Next Sunday I'll send a few lines from whatever place I may be in - Portland probably.

I noticed that your mother had marked her letter "By Steamer" so I'll put it on mine - perhaps it may reach New York in season.

There are not tears on my paper - Mollie has been putting rose buds in my hair which are yet dripping with the refreshing rain drops. - She declares I "look beautifully" - wish I could think I did!

I told her what you said about having her come and live with us sometime - she says "I shall be delighted! the sooner the quicker", she thinks possibly she might serve her country by taking charge of the - then I won't ~~not~~ write any more of her nonsense.

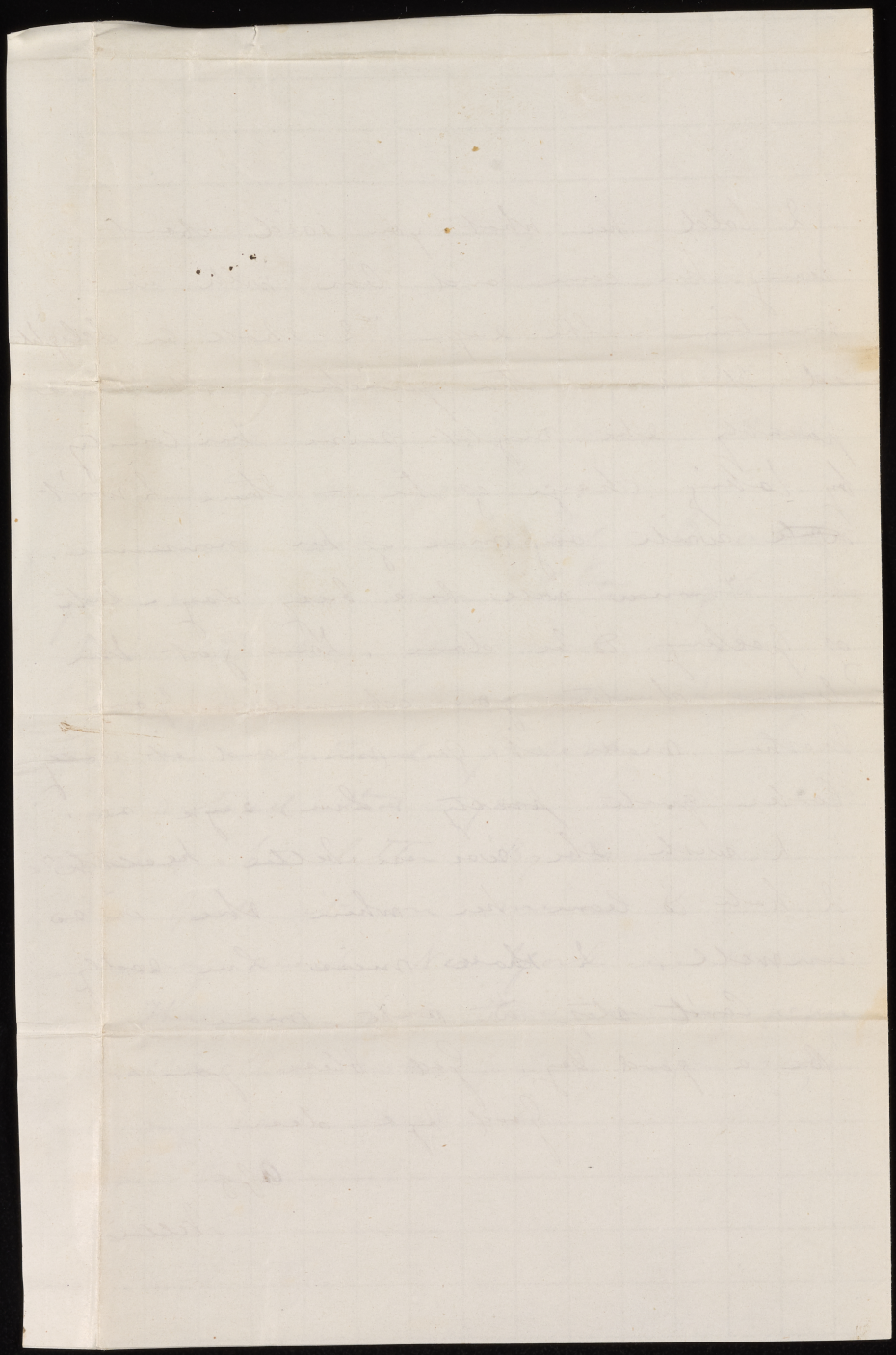
Tomorrow will be a busy day - lots of packing to be done. Have got the brown duster you admired. Your mother made it for me and it really looks quite pretty - she says so.

I wish she were in better health - I hate to leave her when she is so unwell. I shall miss her awfully.

Can't stop to write more -  
Be a good boy. God bless you -  
Good bye dear.

Aff.  
Mollie

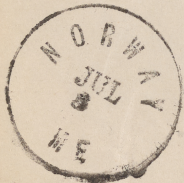
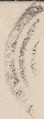






By Steam

July 8  
1866



Major Harry R. Nichols

Carson City

Nevada







Norway July 8th 1866

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Good bye dear.

Aff.  
Nellie

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[envelope]

By Steamer

[postmark NORWAY ME JUL 8]

[stamp removed]

Major Harry R. Mighels  
Carson City  
Nevada

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