

Ad Dis 2nd Div 9<sup>th</sup> N. C.

Morrisstown E. Tenn

March 14<sup>th</sup> 1864

Dear Nellie:

I got your kind letter of Feb 26<sup>th</sup> only yesterday. They evidently didn't know what a precious little package was in the mail, or they would have hastened its coming. A picture thanks for the excellent counterpart of your dear old face. The picture is a good as I could desire, and I have put it in my little pocket album just opposite the Scowles you sent to Mississippi. (The "father of waters" don't run as great a distance as is laid down in the map, in the spelling I have given it - but you know it's dangerous navigating that stream and the sooner you get over is the better. So much for my hum-blyness.)

The contrast between the two is very striking and I shall keep them in their present relative places that I may readily compare them, - for private reasons.

You don't know how dearly I value your kind allusions to your meeting with my dear old Mother. Thank you Nellie from the bottom of my

heart for your tender attention to her. I wish  
you could meet her often - and I know she  
is very fond of you. She is very lonely, I am afraid -  
my poor father dead - and I a homeless wanderer.  
Write to her Fannie, and when you meet her, kiss her  
and tell her I told you to, for me. I sometimes  
feel I am unworthily such a mother as she. I have  
not lived with her in nearly fourteen years. I look  
back upon those years as upon a long, sad exile - and  
God knows my heart longs for a time when she  
and I may have a home and this wandering life  
of mine be ended.

You see by the heading of this letter that  
our command has changed its camping ground  
since I last wrote you. This place, Morris town,  
is a little straggling village, about half as big  
as Norway and is situated on the East Tennessee  
and Virginia Rail Road, about forty miles East from  
Knoxville. We came here about a fortnight since  
and then went back some twelve or fourteen  
miles; and now we have come again - like  
Monsieur Louson, - and I wouldn't be surprised  
if we should be treated to a bit of a mis-  
understanding with the Rebs, for their Cavalry

Continually hover on our flanks - and ventured  
an attack yesterday and another today upon  
our advanced Cavalry. They were driven back  
each time ~~by~~ with more or less loss. I don't  
quite know what the programme is, but I  
suspect that we are to march out and  
offer the enemy battle, or maybe we are  
to attack him in his camp which is some  
fifteen or sixteen miles East of here. At all  
events, we are likely to have a fight at any  
time - by which I mean we may expect a  
victory very soon, for of course we slay and  
retard, but all opposers - The 9th Corps knows  
"no such word as fail" and all of us, from  
Drummer boys to Maj General feel the confidence  
of invincibility. Fact, Fanny, so none of your  
laughing.

The chances for our Corps going East seem  
farther off than ever. But still I hope to be  
able to go and claim my share of kisses from  
your sweet lips sometime during the summer.  
If such an opportunity offers itself you must go  
to Norway with me to see Mother and Sue. By  
the way, I must write to Sue as I promised. When

March 14, 1864

I wish I had a picture of my dear old father to send you. Answer this before you lie down for the night and write me a good long letter. Address as before - Knoxville Tenn. Do this, and you may "Come sweet and get warm". Ever yours, affectionately Henry R. Wright.

You write you must tell her to be a good girl and to look out for a letter from me one of these days. Lue is a dear, kind cousin and you may tell her that I love her very much. She consoled you with a "Cooky" - did she. Well, that was kind and thoughtful on her part. And you did cry "just a little" when I bid you good bye and went away to the Pacific? I didn't cry Nelly, but I went away with a heavy heart. Old Rover as I am, that was a sad, sad parting, the morning I left Norway. My poor father said "good bye my son, we shall never meet again" - and he tried to smile through his grief and I made a sad effort to cheer him - trying to drown my conviction that I should never <sup>more</sup> hear his voice. It was saddening to say good bye to Mother and Lue and her father and Mother and I tell you <sup>the</sup> truth when I say that your parting kiss was pressed to lips that were powerless to tell how hard it was to leave you.

I am afraid I have made ~~up~~ but a gloomy letter of this, Nelly. But you must excuse my poor humor.

Believe me, I love you better ~~to~~ today than ever, and with all my resources I can love as tenderly and heartily as "any other man". And if you don't love me in return, it's your own neglect of duty, and I shall prefer charges against you and have you court martialled and reduced to the ranks. Beside that I'll tell my mother.

My kindest regards to your brothers sisters. As I can't kiss you, I will your picture - the last one - and bid God bless you and good bye for a little while.

Hd Qrs 2nd Div 9th A.C.  
Morristown E. Tenn  
March 14th 1864

Dear Nellie:

I got your kind letter of Feb 26th only yesterday. They evidently didn't know what a precious little package was in the mail, or they would have hastened its coming. A million thanks for the excellent counterfeit of your dear old face. The picture is as good as I could desire, and I have put it in my little pocket album just opposite the scowler you sent to Mississippi. [Mississippi] (The "father of waters" don't run as great a distance as is laid down in the map, in the spelling I have given it -- but you know it's dangerous navigating that stream and the sooner you get over it the better. So much for my pen-blunder.)

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[page 2]

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[page 3]

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[page 4]

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My kindest regards to your brothers & sisters. As I cant kiss you, I will your picture -- the last one -- and bid God bless you and good bye for a little while.

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I wish I had a picture of my shaved pate to send you. Answer this before you lie down for the night and write me a good long letter. Address as before -- Knoxville Tenn. Do this, and you may "come south and get warm". Ever yours, affectionately  
Henry R. Mighels.