



Ad. Div. 2nd Div. 9th Army Corps
Lancaster Ky May 20 1863.

Dear Nellie:-

Yesterday I received your
outrageous missive of date - May 13th.
I attempt a rejoinder to that fearful
document, "more in sorrow than in
rage!" You wait some three months
after getting my letter to pour out
your vials of withering mockery
upon my lacerated and bleeding
heart. (*Pericardium Sanguinensis*)
Like the honest Moor, I "have loved,
not wisely, but too well." So am
I the weak and wounded victim
of a playful, pitiless tyrant. I am
the tender dove in relentless clutches
of the Kite.

Read these heart-rending lines

and judge to what sad condition
you have brought me:-

My heart is ~~soft~~^{hard} as any stone,-
Heart that once was soft as jelly:-
Converted into flinty bone;-
Ossified by Cruel Nellie!

Now Nelly darling, - all
joking aside - you do berate me
terribly in your saucy letter. You
call my earnest avowals "written
nonsense", and reply to my frank
Confessions with a long-winded,
Whimsical homily which would
do credit to Hannah Bowland!
You have evidently been reading
Blackstone when you should
have been kneading your dough,
or studying "Story on Contracts"
when your attention should have
been devoted to the boiling of
your potatoes. I am much
constrained to write to your brother,
advising him to either take you
into partnership in his law shop
or lock you up in the kitchen.

I am certain that the Character
of Cinderella would suit you
very better than that of my
Lord Chancellor.

But it is wondrous
strange with what fidelity of
devotion my heart ~~yearns~~^{beats} ~~yearns~~ ~~for~~
~~at~~ its burden of love even when
the object of that affection sneers
and jeers at it. Sleepless watchings
in the solemn night hours, watchings
and hopings that your long
silence was attributable, not to
your indifference toward me,
but rather to a miscarriage
by mail of an ardent letter of
love from you, were finally
superseded by a sense of resignation
to the crushing weight of a sad and
hopeless ~~fatal~~ fortune; - Apathy
had almost seized upon me -
and I was manfully striving to
forget you, when your letter came,

reviving with freshened vigor the
slumbering fire of love. Keenly as
the words of that letter cut, ~~and~~^{to} the
quick, my sensitiveness, I am not
sure that the sharpness of its
incision does not sink deeper
into my heart than had it been
hurled at me, freighted with the
Boy-Gods sharpest arrows. At
any rate, while as a reminder
of your ever charming self, it
re-awakens my more tender
susceptibilities toward you, it quite
as strongly commands my
"unbounded admiration". It does
much honor to your head; - I
make no ^{speculations as} ~~reference~~ to your heart's
connection with the ~~same~~ matter.

This "little Country girl" may
laugh at the ever devoted slave
to her charms as much as pleases
her rustic self; - he, honest candid
Swain, is proud, in his sense

BB

of affectionate integrity to own that
all that his best instincts ~~instincts~~
converge toward toward her - "true
as the needle to the pole."

But what's the use of
my making these renewed declarations
- made only to be laughed at
and ridiculed. But if they will
pleas the fancy of my Goddess, they
may go as an offering and a sacrifice
upon ~~the~~ her altar of Merit.

No more of this "nonsense", - as
you heartily call it.

Nelly - this is the sweetest
land beneath the sun. We are
camped right in the best part of
Kentucky - in the famous "blue
grass country." The grass is called
blue I suppose because it is so
magnificently green.

All around us for miles

And miles, the Country stretches
far and wide in slopes and vales
green and sunny in their supreme
loveliness. Hill and vale bask
in the noonday light, resplendent in
their carpet-like covering of verdant
turf. Surely, "grim visaged war
hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And to quote more of the same
sentence - "he creeps nimbly" as
you may divine from the
accompanying card of invitation
to a ball which was sent to
our staff during the temporary ab-
-sence of General Sturgis.

But I shall not attend
that Ball, - there will be no
Dellie there among the bright eyed
daughters of Kentucky. But in
would take at least a regiment
of infantry and two or three
pieces of artillery to keep me
away were she to be one of
the revellers in that festive

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We were told yesterday, by
Madame Rumor, that the enemy
has crossed the Cumberland River,
in large force and that we may
expect a fight with him very soon.
To meet such an emergency, we are
under orders to be ready to march
at a moment's warning, with three
days cooked rations. But we
get that sort of an order so often
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with more or less indifference. They
generally create a flutter in camp
for a hour or so and then for-
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We all claim for our Division
the post of No 1 in the list of
Warriors. We have never been
whipped yet - and don't propose to
be - if we can help it. This may
be a little vain-glorious - but as the
saying goes - "It's a way we have in the
Army."

Please address me at Westchester 2nd Div. 9th A. C.
Sunderland Ky. Even there.

Now Nelly - if you love me,
- and even if you don't, - write
to me a good long letter. You
will send me your picture if
you are not entirely heartless.
And that you cannot be I
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I wish I could be just
slightly wounded, so as to get a
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blunt the edge of friendship (I
wish I felt encouraged to use
a stronger word) so that I
might be blessed with the
delightfully approach to an
irrevocable reunion.

Remember me to your
brother and to Sue when you
write to her. Kiss the little ones, your
sisters for me and believe me
Always your lover

Harry

May 20

1863

Miss Nellie Verrill

Care of Byron Verrill Esq

Portland
Maine

Handwritten initials in blue ink, possibly "H.M.", centered on the envelope flap.

Hd. Qrs. 2nd Div. 9th Army Corps
Lancaster Ky

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Always your lover
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[written sideways in margin]
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Lancaster Ky. Ever thine H.

[Envelope]:

Miss Nellie Verrill

Care of Byron Verrill Esq

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