

Tuesday Morning
Oct. 12th - 1863.

Dear Mollie.

As we did not march as anticipated. Few more lines may be added to this elaborate epistle. Can spend the time more pleasantly in writing you, than in any other way. Yesterday a large mail was received but as usual no letter from Mollie that gave me the blues most awfully bad. Sometimes I think that you don't wish to write so often as I do, if that be so, my letters will not be so numerous here after. Don't wish the correspondence to be burdensome to you. Now I am almost entirely separated from my old friends and associates. And that makes me spend many hours rather lonely. And long for some tidings from the one that I love with such isolating. The noble being whose gentle looks I can never forget. Sad thought. She's but a perishable mortal like my self. But the highest eloquence of this fiction cannot entirely satisfy the fancy: we desire something beyond it (to be with the real) and not finding that, must either cool or sate. While the faint light we perceive through clouds long keep our curiosity in suspense and seems to promise a whole future of new discoveries. (Will this expectation with one ever be gratified). It's said never, for athen we know what all this mystery hid, its charms are gone. And we awake to regret the candid impulses of a more animated character. We no then can we prolong the heart's enchantment, since doubt and confidence, rapture and misery, sometimes alike destroy it in the end. I fear that this heavenly quip belongs not to any fault. They may

but crop our faults to remind us of our immortal origin and hopes.
Excuse my style, and feelings just at this time. Every thing
surrounding me in this deep forest, on the pleasant banks of Des Moines
River seem to inspire me with such feelings and thoughts. My feelings
are indescribable. When I think that perhaps years may pass before
I will be any good fortune to enjoy your pleasant society. Months before
we meet. Sadder thought, perhaps these sweet hopes may like
many others be blasted. With me how slim the brittle thread of life
Some times I think that my letters must appear ridiculous to
you, bordering on the love sick style. Its reasons unknown.
I have always felt a great restraint and delicacy in writing. until
now, feel as one who has been mentally chained. Though now
perfectly wild. Pardon me, by one of a similar character.
Mollie I have been solicited to take a position as a Field Officer
perhaps lead. of one of the new Regts now raising in Ind for
the three years service. All the Genl. and Officers in the community
have given me good recommendations to Gov Morton for the position.
What do you think of me going in a gain for three years. I don't
mind going for a good position. one that will afford all facilities
for promotion. Some time since I wrote you concerning taking a
position. this is the one alluded to, and shall await your reply
before any decisive steps are taken in the matter. You may think
strange of me consulting you in this matter. Think it my duty
to do so. And of course we do so. for my only real pleasure here
after is expected, only from the redemption of pledges made before -
now tis in contemplating the time, and after they have been redeemed.
Even in the service as I am on may be until the war ends,
would enjoy myself much better, if Mollie was on in, beside

in many respects would be far better off. Would then really have something to live for, to be a man for. A true and noble woman such as you Mollie would inspire one with every true and noble principle that others rise might lie dormant. Broken down by reckless self confidence has taught me that man without something to love to worship, is but a weak being liable to be blown away by the winds of adversity, led entirely astray by the most noble circumstances. Though we may be conscious of a great degree of firmness, I have no assurance that we to ^{not} may fall. Like many of the true and great, far better by nature. They are more to be pitied than blamed. This forty letter got - With a polite invitation to be answered very soon.

My especial regards to Ann. And friends
And believe me yours as ever.

Henry.

P. S. This evening has been spent very pleasantly. Had a grand Review. And inspection. By Maj. Gent. And our Corps. Commander. There has been some excitement in the Ohio Rights to day concerning the Election some of the Vallandigham men did vote for him, traitors at heart the boys say -

Dear

The 13th Good morning Mother.
I hope you are well. I am glad to tell you
that I have entirely recovered from the chill
and feel like a new man or boy. I must
send this letter up as you will never have time
to read it all. Really don't like to quit

parenting: reminds me of birding fore ever.
with the exception of the last seen - that was
the dearest than all others.
yours
Helen

I. 2. This morning has been
a grand morning. I have
been so happy. I have
in the light of day. I have
the whole of the day for
the day -



Miss Mollie Emmick
Grand View
Indiana