Behind 1 Dreastworsto. Near Hanover Junction. Va. just on the fouth Bank of the Sort anna River. May 26, 1864. My Dearest tellie. Sometinie mice che mail brought me fifteen letters abonce. amongst them was jours. I cannot do better than give you a line to-day just for greens and to satisfy for of my Continued Entity and healthfulness. I have written to Byon two or chree mies but have as jet received no reply - no doubt he has written but the mails don't come once in a cat's age. I hope they go oftener. him my last to him written about che 16th ore have changed our position a few times and are now a few miles nearer Richmond. meantime wa have

been under fine a few times and lost a few more of our Officers and men. You have the photograph of Lient J. S. Roberto of our tegh - he was killed in a charge we made nights before last poor fellow! he was brave as Steel, and a good friend Tuesday P.M. while Dre were building rutreuch mento under frie a solid that passed directly through another one four Officers - It. W. H. hoyes - and his grave is now marghed just under a tree near by. So they take them one by one, ocore by ocore. When will all this otrife and danger , and vacrifice of life and production of sorrow and misery cease? the soul cries out to God with strange Franfal carnestness to know the reason of all this. I cannot give for any celew of what we have passed through

these last hourty - how days -It is Enough to say that there never was such continued perseptence and call upon Endurance in the history of this war. We have for consolation 1:) the assurance that Grant will never give up till he finally accomplishes his plane . I pricerely hope he may be successful and bring to a close this outrageous, unnatural The birds cing just as sweetly as over, and the flowers spring up and blossom truderly and lovely, but the Eye is closed to all these

pleadings of nature for harmony and Concord; the Ear Crushed with the diabolical poar of guns intent on nurder.

Never before have I fully Experienced what was was . it is now made lucid to the veriest drego! - I am in a bad

Rtate of mud - amount of cigars. am all out of sorto, a letter from home to day would do me good - will one come? Jon wish to make a bargain with me do you? if I wont say anything more about your flirting you wont day anything about my smoking! - includ! and did I Ever complain about any of your Candle lectures on that latter point? - it stikes me that for never caused any particularly ancomfortable feelings in my Tensitive conscience when you blew me up! on the whole I racher listed to hear you talk and you may keep on doing so I can stand it. When I feel in the movel of bankering you about your beaut, be seen for will get a broudride. I do not find opportunities to write to all - many sods / give

her my love, God bless her I and all other consins will have to want till more peaceful times for letters from me - I do not know when Add is , cound for send him some of my letters? also infine other enquiring friends that I am as Jet all right, thanks to a kind Providence. We are having hot, hot weather with frequent showers, both are not always comfortable, It-col- Merrill commands the Kigh I still act as adjt. and get along nicely - wish I had a good pair of boots! my leve to all. Good P.M. Thrie Ever. Wash.

Behind Breastworks, Near Hanover Junction, Va. Just on the South Bank of the North Anna River.

May 26, 1864.

My Dearest Nellie,

Sometime since the mail brought me fifteen letters at once, amongst them was yours. I cannot do better than give you a line to day just for greens and to satisfy you of my continued entity and healthfulness.

I have written to Byron two or three times but have as yet received no reply -- No doubt he has written but the mails dont come once in a cat's age -- I hope they go oftener.

Since my last to him written about the 16th we have changed our position a few times and are now a few miles nearer Richmond -- meantime we have

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been under fire a few times and lost a few more of our officers and men. You have the photograph of Lieut J. S. Roberts of our Regt -- he was killed in a charge we made two nights before last -- poor fellow! he was brave as steel, and a good friend. Tuesday P.M. while we were building entrenchments under fire a solid shot passed directly through another one of our officers -- Lt. W. F. Noves -- and his grave is now marked just under a tree near by. So they take them one by one, score by score. When will all this strife and danger and sacrifice of life and production of sorrow and misery cease?

The soul cries out to God with strange tearful earnestness to know the reason of all this.

I cannot give you any idea of what we have passed through

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these last twenty-two days -It is enough to say that there never was such continued persistence and call upon endurance in the history of this war. We have for consolation (?) the assurance that Grant will never give up till he finally accomplishes his plans. I sincerely hope he may be successful and bring to a close this outrageous, unnatural war.

The birds sing just as sweetly as ever, and the flowers spring up and blossom tenderly and lovely, but the eye is closed to all these pleadings of nature for harmony and concord; the ear crushed with the diabolical roar of guns intent on murder.

Never before have I fully experienced what war was -- it is now made lucid to the veriest drego! -- I am in a bad

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state of mind -- am out of cigars -am all out of sorts. A letter from home to-day would do me good -- will one come?

You wish to make a bargain with me do you? if I wont say anything more about your flirting you wont say anything about my smoking! -- indeed! and did I ever complain about any of your candle lectures on that latter point? -- it strikes me that you never caused any particularly uncomfortable feelings in my sensitive conscience when you blew me up! on the whole I rather liked to hear you talk and you may keep on doing so --

I can stand it. When I feel in the mood of bantering you about your beaux, be sure you will get a broadside.

I do not find opportunities to write to all -- Mary Goss (give

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her my love, God bless her) and all other cousins will have to wait till more peaceful times for letters from me. I do not know where Add is, cannot you send him some of my letters? Also inform other enquiring friends that I am as yet all right, thanks to a kind Providence.

We are having hot, hot weather with frequent showers, both are not always comfortable.

Lt. Col. Merrill commands the Regt. I still act as Adjt. and get along nicely -- wish I had a good pair of boots!

My love to all, Good P. M.

Thine Ever, Wash.