Hu Is 2nd Di gt N. C. Morriston E. Tem March 14 # 1194

Dear Mellie:

I for your Kind letter of det 26" mg Gestinday. They wident, didn's know what a pricious little parkage was in the mail, or they armed have hastened its Coming. a serie thanks for the heillent constatute of your dear old face. The picture is a food as I could desire, and There put is in any little porket altern juis officite The Dowler you sur & missippi. (The "father of waters" don't um as peat a distance as is laid down in the map, in the spelling I have poin it - but you know it's dauguous navijating that the am herd the fromen gne get over is the better. So much for any hom-blunder,) The contract between the two is very shiking and I shall keep them is their present relative Marces This I may readily Compare Them, - for private reasons. You don't know how deary I value your Kind allusions to your meeting with my dean old mother. Thank you hellie from the bottom of my

heart for your tender attentions to her, I wink you could mut her oftener - and I know she is very find of you. The is very lonely I am apricemy poor father dead - and I a homeless wonderen Strite to her hillie, Whist alm you must her, Kiss how mid till her I tota you to, for me. I cometimes feel I am monthy fuch a moster as the. I have not lived with her in searly fourteen years. I look back upon Those years as upon a long, ead brile - and God Knows my heart longs for a time when the And I may have a home and This homening life of mmi be ended. you see by the heading of this letter Than our command has changed its camping from hive I law wrote gue. This place, Thomistoring is a little straggling Mage, about half as big as Horny and is Retreated in The Each Termence And Virginia Raid Road, about forty miles East from Kurpoille. He came here abour a primps since and Then went back some hould or fourteen miles; and now we have come again - leke monsuin Foncon, - and I wouldn't be suspiced if you should be treated to a bit of a mise 2 Amoustanding with the Rebs, for their Cavalry

an attack younday and another today upon tur advanced Cavalry. They were driven back, Each time they with more or less loss. I don't quite know what the programme is, but I Ruchert Than we are to march our and offer the long battle, is maybe se are to attack him in his comp Which is some fiften a Rixteen miles East of here, at all time - by which I mean we may expect a biding very low, for of Course we slay and "he end word as fuil and all of us, fim I minicipility. Frank, helly to mon of your lauphing.

Centinually hover on our flanks and bentined lombs, we are likely to have a fight at my withing how all opposes - The go lengs knows drummer boys to Thaj huneral feel The confidence The Chances for our Coops Jon's lash seem faith of the Ever. But this I hope tobe able to go and claim my show of Kicces from your lives lifs contetime dering the fummer. I buch an apportunity offers itsilf you must go to howay with me & see mostion and Luce. By the way I sunt mite to Lue as I promiced. When

march 14, 1864 I you with you muss tell has to be a form fire and to look our for a letter from me one Then days. Luc is a dear, Kind Comm And you may like her than I love her very much. She Consoled you with a "Cooky"- dea She. M Well, thus was Kind and thrughtfill on har parts. And you did cry "just a little" when I bid you food bye and went away to the Pacific! didn't cry hely, but I were away with a heavy heart. Old Rover as I am, That was a sad, sand parting, The morning I left noway. They have frether Said "food by my son, we chall never mus again" and he Tried to smile Through his grief and I made a lad effort to obeen him - trying to down my Conviction Thus I should never been his wice. It was Suddaining to any ford by to mother and here and her father and mother and I lete you that when I day that your parting this was presed to lips that were powerless to tree have hand it was to leave you. I am apaid I have made to bus a glooning letter of This, hellie. Ans you much exam suy for human. Beleni me, I love you better today Than ever, und with all my normance I can have as Cleadely and heartily as "any other man? Und if you donts love me n' return, its gour own neglect of duty, and I chad prefer changes against you and have you coust martialed and reduced to the canks. Buide these lile tell my mostion. I mill gue picture the last one - mis bis host bles you and find By for a lette 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 Missippi. [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.)

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

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heart for your tender attention to her. I wish you could meet her oftener -- 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 Nellie, And when you meet her, kiss her and tell her I told you to, for me. I sometimes feel I am unworthy 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, Morristown, is a little struggling 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 Touson, -- and I wouldn't be surprised if we should be treated to a bit of a misunderstanding with the Rebs, for their cavalry

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continually have on our flanks -- and ventured an attack yesterday and another today upon our advanced Cavalry. They were driven back each time with more or less loss. I don't quite know what the programme is, but I suppose 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 utterly rout 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, Nelly, 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 Lue. By the way, I must write to Lue as I promised. When

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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 thoughtfull 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 last effort to cheer him -- trying to drown my conviction that I should never more hear his voice. It was saddening to say good bye to mother and Lue and her father and mother and I tell you the 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 but a gloomy letter of this, Nellie. But you must excuse

my poor humor.

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

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.

[left side margin]

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.