Ita. Ins. In Div. 9th any Coops Sancarer Ky may 20 11/3. Dear Melli: Mirtuday I received you Outrageous mission of date - may 13th. I attempt a rejoinder to- That fearfull Olocument, home in down Thom in Muyer! You wait Rome The number after getting my letter to from our your viels of withing mockery upon my lacerated and bleeding heart. (Pericardenin Sanguinensis.) Like the hours never, I have loved, not wiely, but too well " So am I the weak and Brounded victim of a playfull, pititers tyrans. I am the tender dove in relevaters Clutches of the Kile. Mean There heart rending lines

and pedge to what das Condition you have brought one: My hear is soft as any stone, -Ideas that once was Roft as jelly:-Converted mito fluity bone; -Ossified by Cruel nellie! John nelly dailing, - all forking aside - you do berate ma terribly in your sancy letter. You Call my larnest avowals "Fritten nonsurse", and reply to my frank Confessions wit a long- mided, Whinisical homily which would do credit to Hannah Bowland! You have evidently been reading Blackstone When you chould have been Kneeding your drugh, or Studying Story on Contracts" when your attention should have been devoted to the boiling of your priawes. I am much Constrained to write to your brother, advising him to letter take you wito partnership in his law shop or lock you up in the Retation.

I Am Certain that the Character of lo sinderella would puit you voitly better Them that of my find Chancellor.

But it is wonderous Strange with what fidelity of devotion my heart great of It its burden of love even when the object of this affection muchs And jiers as it. Sleeplers watchings in the Lolenn night hours, watchings And hopings that your long Dilince was attributable, and to your midifference toward me, but cather to a mis carriage by mail of an ardens letter of love from you, were frially Enforceded by a sense of resignation h- the Crushing weight fa Rad and Phopelers for bostome; - aparty had almost Reged upon me -Med I was manfully striving hi forget you, when your letter came,

reviving with perhened vijor the Slumbering fire of love. Reenly as the words of that letter Cur, with Juick, my smitweners, I am not Dure The the Charpners of ets Meisin does not with deeper nito my heart than had is been hurled as me, freighted with the Boy- Gods Charpest arrows. as Any late, while as a cemmber of your ever charming self, is re-awakens my more tender Susibilities loward you, is quite as strongly Commands my "Imbounded admiration". It does much honor to your head :- I make no seference to your hearts Connection with the some matter. That "little Country fish" may laugh as the ever devoten clave to her Charms as anuch as pleases her austic celf; - he, hones combid Que ain, is proud, in his souse

of affectionale integrity to own this all thus his best instincts instincts Converge toward toward her - "True is the needle to the prole! I sur what's the use of my making There arrewed declarations - made only to be laughed as And ridicules. But if they will flear the fancy of my Goddens, They may so as an offering men a sairfice upon her altar of mermint. · No more of this "nomme" - as you heartlessly Call it. Melly - this is the Sweeters land beneath the lim. He are Camped aight in the best hart of Kentucky - in the famous "blue Grass Country! The grass is Called blue I cuppose because is is co magnificently frein. All around us for miles

and miles, The Country Obsetches for and wide in slopes and vales freen and Sunny in Their Supreme loveliness. Itill and vale bask in the moonday light, resplendent in their Carpet - like Covering of verdus tring. Durely, "from visaged was hath smoothed his wronklen front; And to quote more of the same Quelence - he Capers nimbly " as you may devine from the accompanying card of mortalin ha ball which was sens to our staff during the Comporary ab= - Cance of huneral Alergis. that Ball. - There will be no Wellie There among the bright eyes daughters of Kentucky. But is would take at least a regiment of infanting and two or three prices of artillery 2- Keep one Arrowy were the to be one of The revellers in This fertive

"Jandango." He were told yesterday, by madame Rumor, that the every has Crossed to Combuland River, in large force and This we may expect a fighe with him very Doon. To meet end an emergency, we are amber orders to be ready to march as a moment's warning, with three days Cooked lations. Bus we for Ther sort of an order to often This we have learned to alad them with here or less morference. They Jenerally Create a flutter in Comp for a hour or so mus Then for = fotten. He all Claim for our Division The hors of no 1 in the list of Transin. He have never been Whippen yet - and done propose to be - if we can help is. This may be a little vari- florious - bus as the Any foer - It's a way we have in the

how helly - if you live me, and even if you don't, - write to me a good long letter. In P you are not entirely heartless. And that you amos be I I wish I could be just Plightty wounded, so as to get a N leave of absence, that I might to to see you - even if our unterview resulted in a Romall Suger quarrel - just enough !blus the edge of friendship ! wish I felt encouraged to use a Chonger word) to this I might be blessed with the delightfully approaches to an Arrivo cable reruin. brother med to Lue when you mit ther. Kis the little ones your lesters for one and believe me always your lover Many.

Melo Nellie Vernice Come of Byun Verrice Eng Intland maine



Hd. Qrs. 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 fearfull document, "more in sorrow than in anger." 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 Moon, I "have loved, not wisely, but too well." So am I the weak and wounded victim of a playfull, pitiless tyrant. I am the tender dove in relentless clutches of the Kite.

Read these heart-rending lines

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and judge to what sad condition you have brought me: --My heart is 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 kneeding 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.

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

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

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reviving with freshened vigor the slumbering fire of love. Keenly as the words of that letter cut, 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 sensibilities toward you, it quite as strongly commands my "unbounded Admiration." It does much honor to your head; -- I make no speculations as to your hearts connection with the matter.

That "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

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

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

No more of this "nonsense", -- as you heartlessly 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

## [page 6]

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 capers nimbly" as you may devine from the accompanying card of invitation to a ball which was sent to our staff during the temporary absence of General Sturgis.

But I shall not attend that Ball; -- there will be no Nellie there among the bright eyed daughters of Kentucky. But it 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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"fandango."

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 that we have learned to read them with more or less indifference. They generally create a flutter in camp for a hour or so and then forgotten.

We all claim for our Division the post of No 1 in the list of Warriors. We have never been whipped yet -- and dont propose to be -- if we can help it. This may be a little vain-glorious -- but as the song goes -- "It's a way we have in the Army. --

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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 know.

I wish I could be just slightly wounded, so as to get a leave of absence, that I might go to see you -- even if our interview resulted in a small sized quarrel -- just enough to blunt the edge of friendship (I wish I felt encouraged to use a stronger word) so that I might be blessed with the delightfully approaches to an

irrevocable reunion.

Remember me to your brother and to Lue when you write to her.

Kiss the little ones, your sisters for me and believe me

Always your lover Harry.

[written sideways in margin]
Please address me at Head Quarters 2nd Div. 9th A. C.
Lancaster Ky. Ever thine H.

[Envelope]:

Miss Nellie Verrill

Care of Byron Verrill Esq

Portland

Maine