

Near Petersburg, Virginia

July 11, 1864

Dear Del,

I do not intend to allow any opportunity I may have of writing to you to escape me if you get two letters a ()? You will not object, will you? They say this is sunday. It is a beautiful day. The stillness is occasionally broken by the booming of cannon and the sharp crack of the sharp shooters rifle. There are some killed

along the line every day but usully (sic) not more than two or three. Yesterday the rebs sent a solid shot down the road from the City to our lines (our lines cross it at right angles) some of the boys who had been relieved from duty in the rifle Pits had been to the sanitary Commission and got a good dinner which they were dividing in the road when the ball struck the squad instantly killing two and seriously wounding two more. It was a sudden change for the poor fellows, but such is war. There has been considerable moveing (sic) of troops last night and today what is ment (sic) by it if anything particular I do not know. I have just recieved (sic) an order to be ready to move by seven o'clock this evening into the second line of works and must get ready by that time. I expect there will be but little opportunity for writing till we are relieved. How long that will be I can not say. Our position will be nearly a mile to the left of our present one. There will be but little danger unless we have to charge which is not likely at this stage of the seig. (sic) I will have plenty of time to meditate on the past present and future or do whatever can be done in a ditch filled with men and guns but it wont last alwase (sic) which is consoling.

I will write as often as our circumstances will admit which I hope will be quite often. If the rebs should run off and leave us we will have no fighting to here (sic) but this is not probable. As soon as I can I mean to come home if it is but for a short time. I would like to see you so much oh so much. But it is no use to reflect in this way for it will do no good. So I must bid you good by for this time. Much love and lots of kisses. Your loving husband

Steve