

Near Petersburg, Va. July 11th 1864.

Dear Del.

I do not intend
to allow any opportunity
I may have of writing to
you escape me if you get
two letters a week. (You
will not object, will you?)
They say this is sumer
it is a beautiful story
the stillness is occasionally
broken by the
buzzing of cannon
and the sharp crack
of the sharp shooters
rifle. There are some
killed along the line
every day but usually
not more than two
or three. Yesterday the
rebs sent a solid shot

down the road from the
city to our line. (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 four fellows.
but such is war. There has
been considerable moving
of troops last night and to
day what is meant by it -
if anything particular I
do not know. I have just
received an order to be
ready to move by seven

10 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 siege. I will have
plenty of time to meditate
on the past present and
future or do what ever
can be done in a ditch
filled with men and guns
but it wont last - unless
which is consoling

I will write as often as
our circumstances will admit
which I hope will be quite often
If the rebels should run off and
leave us we will have few
fighting to here 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

Henry