

To Miss Juliett Loper, North Shore, Staten Island N.Y.

Camp of 115th N.Y. Vol. Nov. 29/64

Dear Cousin: I am well aware that it is not my turn to write, but take the liberty to do so for three reasons: viz- 1st. Because I am in the humor, 2nd, because I know you are not particular in regard to the matter, that is you are willing I should write two letters to your one. 3rd, Because that in my last to you I did not do justice to your last to me. (Though as for that matter I fear I never did justice to any).

It is not necessary for me to comment upon the first two, but will explain the third. So "here goes". I claim that a letter is not properly answered until the questions it contains are answered, and this is why I did not do your last letter justice. I did not answer all of your questions. My neglect was not wilful but occasioned by forgetfulness, a very poor excuse I admit, and one which I can account for in but one way, viz- I lost your letter, (of which remarkable incident I believe you are already aware). I now recollect your sending me a piece of poetry, and think it strange that it should have slipt my mind at the time of writing you before. I think it was very good and a splendid "Hit" upon the Copperheads. I am sorry the verses are lost, but they went with the letter and that is the last of them for me.

Since I wrote you last we have moved our camp and have been transferred from our old brigade to a "provisional" brigade so we stand on the reserve and are to be ready for any emergency. We left our camp in front of Richmond last Thursday (Thanksgiving day) and crossed the James River at Akins Landing, and are now on the Berminda side where there is so much firing by the pickets. We had a hard march which lasted nearly all day. Yesterday we were attacked or rather our pickets were, by the Johnnies twice in the morning and evening. We formed line of battle in the morning and waited for orders, but were not needed to repulse the attack. We did not turn out in the evening but were ready to do so at a moments notice, and so it goes, we do not know what minute we shall be called on to fight. Our quarters are quite warm and comfortable, only we do not have quite room enough. There are only twelve of us in a space of about 10 feet by 12. Rather close quarters, I think, don't you?

The weather is delightful and very favorable for fighting purposes, and the opinion is that we will soon have another killing time. I hope I may be permitted to pass through the next battle unhurt, just to see how it will seem. It is time to call the roll now so I must close.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain as ever

Your affect cousin, S.M.L.M.