Dear Frant,

Here I am in Washington--a regular hog's nest. It is the meanest city I have seen since I started. I am sitting in sight of the Capitol--the place where men whom the people have chosen to make laws have wrangled and quarreled and tended to everything but their own business. They have brought on this war, taking the cream of our land to waste and pine away beneath a Southern sun. I tell you, Frant, I have seen enough pale cheeks of many a poor boy caused by men in high places. But enough of this.

While I am writing, the Regiment is getting ready to march to Camp Seward, which is five miles from here.

We started from Jamestown last Monday, the 29th, at 6 o'clock in the evening and got to Elmira the next morning. We stayed there and got our equippage--gun, cartridge box, and cap box, along with a knapsack, haversack, canteen and all. I tell you what--it makes a load! But then, I can stand it if the rest can.

We started from Elmira Tuesday and got to Baltimore the next day. Then we had to sit right down in the dust until we started for Washington. Three of us got on the top of the railroad cars, put our overcoats and blankets on top of us and slept sound a good part of the night, but we were afraid of rolling off. The train stopped right in a big swamp, and they said that the 24th New York Regiment had been fired into and two of the men killed and that the Rebels had torn up 5 or 6 rods of the track. I tell you what,--it made me feel rather curious for a few minutes there in the stillness of the night, in a country where the enemy are pretty thick--and me on top of a railroad car. But then the report proved to be false.

Frant, who do you think I have seen this morning? Captain H. N. Hunt. He is looking pretty well again. I guess you would have liked to be in my place. The 64th New York is near Harper's Ferry.

We shall cross the Potomac in about half an hour, so now, Miss Frant, goodbye.

Yours now as ever, Edgar Shannon

[The Jamestown Sun, Monday, July 3, 1961]