

Fairfax, October 16, 1862

Dear Frant,

Once more I seat myself to write to you, although I have got no answer to either of the last two letters I wrote. I wrote one in Jamestown and one in Washington, but as we are going out on picket duty in a day or two, I thought I would write now, as I might not get time out there. I want you to write every time you get a chance, for I tell you what--it does a fellow good to get a letter. The boys most all got one last night except me, and they were a tickled set. I have not had one since I left Jamestown.

We left Camp Seward last Sunday at noon, marched 10 miles and struck our tents for the night. It rained like split, but I slept good. We started the next morning at 6 o'clock and marched 7 miles to this place, making a total of 17 miles. With 70 pounds on a fellow's back, it makes quite a mark.

But what Godforsaken country to march through! No fences, no crops, no nothing but a few grinning blacks and worse-looking whites! We are on ground that was held by the Rebels last year.

Frant, I wish I could sit down and talk with you as we used to talk over the times which we have passed together. Oh Frant, if I were only down there in that school with you, couldn't I enjoy myself!

The other night I was on guard. All around was still--no noise but the mules chewing hay, and now and then a guard calling for the Corporal. The moon shone bright, shedding a dim luster over every object--reminding me of many such pleasant nights that I had passed in Leon. My thought wandered back to scenes which are gone, never to return. Thoughts of my dear friend Frant came into my mind unawares, and before I knew it, my eyes were about half full of tears.

Yours truly,
Edgar

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