

Fredericksburg, December 21, 1862

Dear Frant,

It has been so long since I have read a letter or answered one that I don't know who I wrote to last, or who wrote to me.

It is about noon, and I have just washed up and cleaned and combed my hair. I'm going to be shaved when I finish this, so you see we are not wholly void of pride.

It is most all-fired cold here at present. I got up this morning and chopped some wood, built a nice fire and got some breakfast--which consisted of coffee, fresh beef and hardtack. After breakfast, I sat by the fire a spell, brushed up and got ready for company inspection.

I got my knapsack all packed when some of the boys said there was some cattle over the hill beyond our batteries. So I started after them. I got over even with a nice, fat two-year old, and I guess he was a Rebel, for he started into the woods, right towards the Rebs line.

I went after him and went clear to the river--beyond our pickets and within eight rods of the Rebel pickets, but I lost sight of my "game." I stood and looked at the river, wondering when I should cross it. As I stood there, I heard the brush go "crack" down to the left. But it was just our pickets going on inspection.

Well, Frant, we are as near to the Rebs as any of our Army. We lay behind a small hill and they can shell us if they want anytime. Our pickets talk with them and go over and eat with them. They say they don't want to kill us, but our officers.

I have just had a cold so I couldn't talk, but it is better now.

Yours truly,
Edgar Shannon.

{*The Jamestown Sun*, Tuesday, July 4, 1961}