

Fredericksburg, December 25, 1862

Dear Frant,

It is rather cold this morning with a very thick fog. The sun sends forth NO bright rays to cheer the heart of the soldier as he goes to his daily duties--or watches with eagerness for some little signs of a return of peace--or listens to hear the dreaded boom of a cannon off towards the Rebels.

This is Christmas, and when I contrast it with those I have passed at home, it creates a longing for old times and friends and I feel a kind of homesickness way down in the bottom of my soul. Still, I would not banish this feeling, for it opens the fountains of my better nature.

It does me good, sometimes, to think of old times. But then when I get a little down and think how foolish it is, I nerve myself up to the duties which devolve on me to act like a man and not play baby in this great conquest.

I guess I will change the subject, for you will think I am getting homesick, and I am not in the least.

I was over to the 64th New York day before yesterday and I stayed all night and took breakfast with your father. I had a first-rate time, and I expect some of them over here today.

Well, Frant, I have just eaten my Christmas dinner of hardtack and sugar. Eat a chicken leg for me, Frant, and write soon.

Your friend,  
Edgar.

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