

Camp near Falmouth, January 16, 1863

Dear Frant,

You said it has been four or five weeks since you have had any letters from me. They must have got lost or laid by, for I wrote one and sometimes two every week. I will keep track and number each letter from now on, and you do the same. Then we shall know if any get lost or not.

We have had quite a MARCH of late. Tuesday night, we were told to have three days rations in our haversacks and be ready to march at 2 o'clock in the morning. We marched until about 9 o'clock in the morning, stopped, rested and ate and then went to work building a coruroy road down to the river. We stayed until the next day and then had to march 9 miles back to camp. Oh, if it did not seem like home to get back to our tent!

While I have been writing this letter, the order has come to get three days rations ready and be ready to march at any moment. I think we shall go in the morning, but we may go tonight. I can give a guess **where**, however, I trust to a kind Providence that we shall all come out safe and return home to enjoy the comforts and pleasures of peace once more.

You spoke about the cold weather. It has been very warm here thus far-- the nicest winter I ever saw.

You have got a good lot of studies. I guess they will keep you busy. How I would like to be there to go to school! I may have a chance to go to school yet, and if I do, I believe I shall improve the time. You said you were studying music. It seems to me that music is the nicest study that a person can pursue, for there is nothing like music to soothe the soul. A schoolboy will stop his play to listen to it; the gambler will stop for a moment to think of youth and innocence; the soldier will hear it and think of dear ones at home.

Frant, I will send you some verses, a song rather. I wish I could send you the tune. When it is sung good, it is the nicest thing I ever heard.

Write soon. Write often.

From your ever true friend,
Edgar S.

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