

Near Falmouth, February 2, 1863

Dear Frant,

Again I take this old pen to commune with my old friend Frant. The old pen, I am afraid, will not wear like my old friend Frant, as it seems to be kind of "give out."

It is about four o'clock, and has been one of the nicest days I ever saw. It is as nigh like May at home as it can be.

You made a wish in your last letter that you could be at a Methodist prayer meeting. I think there was one here last night--or the next thing to one. They were singing hymns, at any rate.

Saturday, I got paid 25 dollars and 55 cents. I sent twenty home and kept the rest. Guess I'll have enough to buy a wife, time the war is over. I ought to have got 65 instead of 25 but I suppose it was good I got the 25 dollars.

I should have written this letter yesterday, but a lot of boys from the 64th New York were over and I had visitors all day. That's the way where one keeps house!

Frant, you must excuse this miserable, awful, good-for-nothing letter, and I will certainly do better next time. I will write my letters with ink when I can after this.

From your true and faithful friend,
Edgar S.

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