

Bridgeport, Ala., October 23, 1863

Dear Frant,

Here I am, away down in Old Alabama--and I never felt better in my life, for all we had a hard journey and a long one. We were on the cars six days and nights and came about 15-hundred miles.

Riding on the cars is the hardest work I ever done. My face got so dirty it would stay in any shape I put it. If I wanted to keep awake, all I had to do was push my eyes open and they would stay until I closed them.

We received a hearty welcome all along the route by the citizens. The little children would straddle the fence and hurrah and swing their flags. The girls would swing handkerchiefs, bonnets and aprons and throw a kiss at us. The women in Ohio and Indiana brought out their sweet cakes, biscuits and butter, hot coffee and apples by the bushel. The young ladies were not too bashful, but got acquainted right along. You could see our boys making love to them at every station. They would put their addresses on their cakes, and in books they gave us. We put ours onhardtack and gave it to them.

Well, we are a good ways from home, and in one of the most southern states. This is as poor-looking country as I have seen. There are no crops at all, only a few earthworks and forts, old slashings and woods. We get our water out of the Tennessee River to wash and cook with. Yesterday there was more than a thousand in swimming and washing clothes. I went about 15 rods in the river to fill my canteens. I dare not drink much water, and I make it into coffee. Some of our boys have got the fever again, shaking like leaves with the cold when it is warm enough to roast.

I will send this now. I can't write at all this morning. I ain't got any thoughts at all. Write soon. Goodbye from your true friend,

Edgar.

[*The Jamestown Sun*, Friday, July 7, 1961]