

Lookout Valley, February 13, 1864

Dear Frant,

Today is Sunday and everything is calm and quiet. Everything seems like peace--my mind along with the rest. I wish I could always feel thus, but it is not my nature. A soldier is generally what they would call at home "rough." He does not plaster over his actions as smooth as some of those at home, but at heart he is apt to be the better of the two; what he says, you can depend on.

Frant, let them not influence you. Take a straightforward course and keep it. Remember, you are responsible for your acts. Pleasure is not the object of this life, but a recreation from sterner duties. (Perhaps I am giving too much advice; if so, excuse it.) I feel an interest for you which I feel for no other. I like fun and nonsense as well as anyone, but to have only that spoils the whole.

Now for the news: The Rebs, they say, have got the blues. I guess they have, the way they desert. The report is we are going to get paid in a day or two. I hope we shall, for then I'll get a new hat. I have one with about 70 holes in the top of it.

I got a pass yesterday and went to the cave in Lookout Mountain. In there, just at the entrance, stands a rough headboard on which is inscribed the following: "An unknown woman, a victim of Rebel cruelty." Some Ohio troops found and buried her.

As I looked at it, I thought how the women of this country must suffer and I prayed this war might close. But there has got to be more fighting, more blood spilt ere peace shall again return. The South are straining every nerve to fill their armies. I think when the Spring campaign opens they will have as large an army as ever they had at any one time and there will be bloody fighting. About the results, I have not a doubt--we shall conquer them though it takes ten years.

The reason I speak of this is the papers all talk so favorably. They think we are going to have peace right away. I can't see it; I wish I could.

I have been shaved and had my hair cut today. I let my mustache remain. I'm going to let it grow; perhaps you won't know me when I get home!

Frant, I must leave you. It is about as hard to stop writing as it used to be to go home sometimes. I guess it is chore-time, so I will bid you goodbye. I remain your true friend.

Edgar.

[*The Jamestown Sun*, Saturday, July 8, 1961]