

Lookout Valley, February 22, 1864

Dear Frant,

Your welcome letter lies on the desk before me, a little paper with a few marks on it, yet what a power it possesses! It takes me back again to those happy times which we passed together. Again I am with you, listening to the music of the melodeon or your voice.

But there goes a bugle, so I guess I'm in the army yet. How the time flies; it seems as though Sunday came every other day lately.

My duty is very easy. All I have to do is make a few details each day. The rest of the time passes cooking, mending, writing letters and reading--mostly stories and "Casey's Tactics." The weather is beautiful, just like Indian summer. I should like to live here in time of peace.

There is a prospect of our staying here some time. I think things look very favorable at present. Sherman's move is going to make the Rebs tremble. I think its object is to take Mobile, and make it a base of supplies. It will be a shorter route than this long line of railroad, besides depriving them of a large amount of supplies. I think next Fall will find this weary war nearly--if not quite--finished. I hope so, for this life--even with nothing to do--is no life for a man to live. I would rather be busy, have something to do and live to some purpose besides shooting some miserable Reb.

This is Washington's Birthday. Tomorrow is my birthday; I shall be 22--and no whiskers yet! About four years ago I came down to your house to a party. Do you remember?

Yours as ever,
Edgar.

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