

Leon, July 11, 1863

Dear Frant,

I got home all right. I left Washington Friday night and got home Sunday morning at five, all tuckered out completely. I went to meeting and Sunday School and saw the folks. I kept awake until the preacher got done praying, and that was the last I knew until they got up to sing. That woke me up, and it startled me. I did not know where I was for half a minute.

It is pleasant to meet old friends again, and it seems like living once more to be at home and to be free--to not have to get up when the bugle blows or the drum beats.

Frant, how I wish you were at home! It don't look right to go by your place and not hear any music or see you there. I was in there the other day and it made me think of old times. The table is there with the books and likenesses, the bureau stands in the corner as of old, that old lounge is in the same place: In fact, everything looks as it used to, but one thing is lacking--you were not there.

The folks got a letter from your father last night. He is well. Our regiment is cut up awfully from the battle of Gettysburg. I think I shall soon be with it again. The boys are almost gone and I know it will be lonesome at first, but there is my place.

Frant, if you can come home before the 26th, I wish you would, but perhaps it is not possible. If you answer this as soon as you get it, I will get your letter before I leave.

I must close, for this sheet is almost full. Goodbye from your true friend,

Edgar Shannon.

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