

Kelley's Ferry, January 26, 1864

Dear Frant,

I received your letter last Saturday night and should have answered it sooner, but we had orders Sunday night to march at 8 o'clock the next morning to relieve the 101st Illinois Regiment.

Our duty is to unload the boats and guard the stores here. We have full rations, draw soft bread two days, flour 1 day out of 5 and the other rations in good quantities. This is the roughest place I ever saw, all rocks and now and then homely women.

You seemed to be in a melancholy mood when you wrote. You said you cared for nobody and nobody cared for you. Now, Frant, you **KNOW** better. You have friends that are good and true--one at least and I know plenty who are your friends.

To be sure, these are gloomy times. But if we do our duty, each one in his place, we shall be gay and happy still--in spite of Rebs or Copperheads.

I guess by your talk there is a good deal said about you at home. If so, it is caused by their jealousy, because you have a stronger hold upon my affections than they.

You thought my letters read very down. It must be a mistake if they do. I never was more cheerful than since I got back to the regiment--never so full of fun, never so fat and never healthier.

I have written plain--perhaps some things I ought not. If so, they are mistakes of the head and not the heart. We might as well be plain, tell each other our thoughts as keep them to ourselves. Let us be friend whate'er betide.

Give my love to all my friends. Good night.

Edgar.

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