

Lookout Valley, February 29, 1864

Dear Frant,

With what pleasure it would be to spend the evening with you and sit by your side and talk over what has passed since last we met. It would take some time; I have got a good deal to say.

I am all alone tonight, and oh! how pleasant it feels. It is so seldom I am alone here that I prize such moments greatly, for then I can think over, undisturbed, the pleasures of the past and the happiness I passed with you. How time magnifies the pleasures of the past! As the space of time widens, they seem to grow nearer and clearer, instead of growing dim with age.

Frant, I loved you when I was at home--and if I loved you then, I truly **love** you now. I have seen you faithful, true and good when I have been cold and indifferent. In our long absence, you have shown by your consistency to be worthy of all the love I can bestow upon you. When I have been downhearted, your letters have cheered me; when I have been tempted to do wrong, your image has risen before me and I have stopped. Yes, Frant, you have been to me as a talisman, to keep me good.

How different it has been with me! I have been careless sometimes--even harsh, but I ask you to forget it all and I will try in the future and give no reason to complain. I will give you my undivided love. You may think, judging by the past, that I cannot--but I can, as well and as truly as any other person.

This sheet is full, so I will bid you good night.

Yours in love,  
Edgar.

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