

Dec. 25th, 62?

Dear Frant:

I sit myself in this land of war to commune with thee in the peaceful home through the medium of the pen. It is rather cold this morning and a very thick fog and the sun sends forth no right rays to cheer the heart of the soldier as he goes to his daily duties or his        with eagerness. Some little signs of a return of peace or listens to catch the sound of a gun off towards the Rebels and dreading less the next moment he shall hear the boom of the cannon which shall send some of his fellow soldiers and perhaps himself or nearest friend to that land        where no traveler Returns. This is Christmas and when I contrast it with those which I have        in peaceful old Cattaraugus it creates a longing for old times and friends and I feel a kind of homesickness way down in the bottom of my soul. Still, I would not banish this feeling for it opens the fountains of my better nature and bids the tears to start from those fountains that have been so long sealed. It does        sometimes to think of old times. But then when I get a little down and think how foolish it is and I nerve myself up to the duties which devolve on me like a man and ~~think how foolish it is to~~ not play boy in this great conquest. I guess I will change the subject for you will think I am getting homesick and I am not in the least. I was over to the 64th day before yesterday and I stayed all night and took breakfast with your father. I had a first-rate time expect some of them over here today while over there I learned some news. It was as usual a big lie about me. Perhaps it was the same you heard. I suppose they could keep their mouths closed about me now that I have left, but it seems they can't. It would make them sick to stop all at once. So let them talk. Well Frant I have just eaten my Christmas dinner of hard tack and sugar. Frant, eat a chicken leg for me and I will do twice as much for you when I get home. Helen is teaching school this winter. Bill is getting better.        is well and so are the rest of the        boys. Oh, Evrline and Gant are going to be married this morning. Big thing. I have got to pick up        so good bye and remember me as your friend and write as soon as you get this.        Edgar.