

LOOKOUT VALLEY Feb. 13/64

My dear Friend

With a calm peace pervading my whole being. I seat myself to write to you; in reply to your kind letter which I rec'd last Tuesday. Today is Sunday, everything is calm & quiet everything seems like peace; my mind with the rest; it seems just now as though I was at peace with all & I had no enmity against any one; & that I could always feel thus; but tis not my nature; before I know it my mind is dwelling on the actions of some person: & ere I know it I am consigning them to some miserable fate which in reality I would not wish them to share, but then I try to do as near right as possible & be a man what time I stay on earth so that when I die I may feel I have not lived in vain, but that the world is a little better for my having been in it. A soldier is generally what they would call at home rough; he does not plaster over his actions as smooth as some of those at home, but at heart he is apt to be the better of the two; what he says you may depend on; folks at home are terribly concerned about their boys in the army. They would do well to look a little more to the morals of those at home. I should judge by some of my letters I get & by what I hear from those who have been home & what I saw while at home, that the society in Leon was receding instead of advancing towards that refinement which should be characteristic. Pray let them not influence you; take a straight forward course & keep it; remember you are responsible for your acts & time that pleasure is not the object of this life but a recreation from the sterner duties. Perhaps I am giving to much advise if so excuse it. I cannot keep it out of my mind; I feel an interest for you which I feel for no other; I get a good many letters & I get so much trash & nonsense that it is a relief to get a good letter from you. I like fun & nonsense as well as anyone but to have all _____ spoils the whole. Now for the news, the Rebels they say have got the blues; I guess they have, the way they desert. The report is we are going to get pay in a day or two; I hope we shall, then I'll have a new hat; I have one with about 70 holes in the top of it. The boys are all well, Bill sends his best respects to you; he got a letter from Miss G. today don't you tell anyone. Marshall & Cel are on picket. Some of

the boys on picket went patrolling last night & found a barrel of flour that rolled off the cars. Our Quartermaster has resigned & gone home. I think Del will have his place but don't know. I hope he will get it. I got a pass yesterday & went into the cave in Lookout. We went in about two miles under ground; when we came to quite a stream, some places looked like large rooms, some places we had to crawl on hands & knees then walk a narrow path over rock & a plank over some deep hole, ever down some large stones & we could hear them way down, down, it seemed as though t'were two hundred feet. I got some good nice one; We stayed until our candles were two thirds burnt then had to hustle out for it is darker than pitch, in there just at the end ~~there~~ stands a rough head board on which is inscribed the following, an unknown woman, a victim of rebel cruelty; some Ohio troops found her & buried her, the grave is about four feet from the railroad track, as I looked at it I thought how the women of this country must suffer & I prayed this war might close, but there has got to be more fighting, more blood split ere shall again return the south are, straining every nerve to fill their armies! I think when the spring campaign opens they will have as large an army as ever. They had at anyone time, I think there will be bloody fighting. About the results I have not a doubt - we shall conquer them though it take ten years, what makes me speak of it the papers all talk so favorably, & think we are going to have peace I can't see it wish I could. I wish you would tell me how. Then _____ was in a great hurry to bid you good bye, was she. I guess she has bidden me good bye I have not heard from her in three months, you said I did not want your letters so long I must let you know. I will, but just keep writing them long till I let you know. I have been shaved & had my hair cut today I let my moustache remain; I am going to let them rush; perhaps you won't know me when I get home but Frank I must leave you, it is about as hard to stop as it used to be to go home, sometimes, I guess it is chore time so I will bid you good bye.

I remain your true friend, Edgar Write soon.