Near Fredericksburg,  
Feb 15, 1863

My dear Father,

No press of time during the week causes me to devote a portion of this day to this purpose, only an old affection contracted long time since forces me to write home on the Sabbath; in this I think that I discover the least bit of womanly sentimentality or certainly I might have reason for this conclusion of the day itself possesses any physical merits to render it attractive - I mean by physical the mere appearance of nature, sunshine, shadow, blue skies, gentle, or noisy winds.

Monday 16th— Evening parade yesterday summarily brought my writing to an end—thinking the day so unfavorable for such sport. I had commenced this epistle hoping to finish ere dark had come upon us. This day is more suited for outdoor exercise, and I imagine before the sun sets we will have had enough of drilling.

Our present locality is remote from the world, off from the road we never see a stranger but we would not hear more wild, foolish rumors if we were stationed in the heart of Richmond; of course we have long since learned to receive all these reports "cum grano" and only the most credulous allow themselves to dwell upon one item of news more than a moment--The last rumors concern the "Great Western State" and while no one credits, still the mere mention of such an event as indicated by these reports presents food on subject for an evening's discussion, and then is forgotten to give place for the next on docket. Our gossips keep themselves and their brains alive by inventing and circulating this commodity.

It has been no difficult task for me to fall into the habits of a soldier, the metamorphosis was wrought instantly and without any great exertion - indeed without the application of anything more than an ordinary degree of self sacrificing spirit. The truth is it can't be avoided, why then should one fret himself vainly. My spirits have been as cheerful, and I have been far better satisfied than I had any reason to expect. A furlough would be a divine thing, if it could be robbed of its sting, which comes when we say "good bye." It is thought that a battle along the Rappahannock is a distant event, some indeed think that "fighting Joe" will not annoy us at all, however we are prepared, better than ever before.

The morale of the army is superb the idea of a defeat never occurs to them, so great is their confidence in their own prowess, and skill of their Generals. We are looking with anxiety to the denouement of the Yankee -- Charleston Expedition, and the attempt of lamo to get by Vicksburg to.

Our Regmt [regiment] is filling up, I think we have more effective fighting men than we have had at any time since our debut at Seven Pines.

I need not add that my writing facilities are indifferent-- I shall write at least once during each week--oftener if anything interesting transpires-

Very much love to Mother, will, svts to-
Yr aff son [Your affectionate son]

Leroy S. Edwards