Camp near Pulmworth
March 26th 1843

Dear Father you know letter dated the 15th of this month I received last evening. For the past two or three days I have not been doing any active, on account of my leg which I sprained playing ball, the necessity of keeping still a few days I saw right off and accordingly did so. The swelling is going down, and I think it will be as well as ever in a few days.

The Irish Brigade celebrated St. Patrick's day with great pomp, bands & Memphis superintending the sports. First on the list comes a horse race, the officers only
being allowed on the course. The course was about a
mile long, with four places for le jumpers, one
jump on the first, second, third, and fourth quarter of the
mile. On the first heat, after the bridal had been
blown for them to start and when they came to
the first jump, there was
three horsemen dismount-
ing. They were very smart
men, and Meagher liners all
the first race, and this race
was won by a Saint and when
I don’t know what his name
was, then come the jut
race and a number of
other things that I did
not stop to see for the officers
are all getting drunk and
it was not safe for a private
who had to take it on foot or not at all, so I took my leave with a not very good opinion of Gen. Grant and his gallant Irish Brigade. There was a

member of one run over and hurt, but I guess there was some killed, although I heard there was one killed. There was

3 men in Hancock's Division that had their hair shorn or part off and the other half being left on to make it look bad and then

armed out of the US service through the Division that was drawn up in line, the marchers to the brink of the Long March, then died, no seem to care much, and looked
as if they were glad enough to get out of the service. That is why I have not forgot what you told me before I left home that if I could not be something better than a corporal I would remain a private. And not a corporal and more than I ever intended to be. Brink has come back he has been off on a furlough to Trenton of New York, and he returned with him a batch full of cakes and butter. I think our squad will live on the top shelf for a while. I do not think that there will be any more furloughs given. I have heard that the war is open pretty early. I think Mr. Williams of our Company has gone from the well in a sick furlough. You need not take everything he says for true he tells some pretty lies.
I have not the least fear but you will be treated as good as at a person could wish I should think — after reading your last letter. That you are enjoying your self good very glad and I hope it. I should not feel half as good, if I should hear that you are neglected by any body! Mother enjoy your self as much as you can and do not trouble yourself about me, for I think I can get along very well. We received three suits and mantles that you sent you behalf of the ladies of Virginia, and are very much obliged to them. Capt. Terrane has come back and he bought that bundle you sent to me.
The Captain looks very well. I would recommend the elixir of tonics for sick folks. I would like very much to try it myself although I am not sick. I am very much obliged to you for these things you wish to give me. I am well.

Tell Emma to learn and write. I am looking for a letter from him every day.

Give my best respects to all my friends.

Your Son, Chas E. Edwards

P.S. Those papers that I promised to send to you, I have not received myself. But the money