

Carver Hospital, May 12, 1863

Dear Frant,

The other day when I wrote you, my thoughts were all over Creation. The exciting scenes of the battlefield, together with the march and being dragged around from one hospital to another, unwell from my exposure and wound had me muddled.

Now I have got all rested up and slept up. Everything here is nice--good, soft beds such as I had not seen in many a month, and vittles as good as need be. My wound is getting well very fast, and I shall soon be able to pay back those Rebs for the slight hit they gave me.

Everything in the hospital is as pleasant as can be, but I cannot content myself. I should not have come as it was if the captain and doctor had not both sent me. I suppose they did not want me bothering around when I could do nothing.

All I have to do is sit or lay and read. I help the nurse wait on the other boys--anything I can do with one hand, like bring water and wet their wounds.

I forgot to tell you before how to direct your letters--to Carver Hospital, Washington, D.C.

I have not heard from the 64th, only that they were cut up badly. I think Cattaraugus has reason to be proud of her soldiers in the 64th and 154th.

Write soon. Yours truly,

Edgar.

[*The Jamestown Sun*, Thursday, July 6, 1961]