

Carver Hospital, June 10, 1863

Dear Frant,

When I got done reading your other letter my hand shook like a leaf. There were some things in it which did not set at all. It was not about your receiving the young "gentleman," for I do not care a row of dimes about that. You spoke as though you thought I was jealous, but you mistake my nature if you judge it thus. I would have you receive them and go in company as much as you should wish, for I think it is part of every person's education. It is your duty to learn the ways of every society into which you are thrown.

Frant, this kind of writing must not continue longer. Our letters must be in better tone or we must drop it altogether. If we can continue as we have until here lately, I should be very happy to place that confidence in you which I always have. I have held you as my best friend and the truest one I had on earth. For my part, I am willing to let the dead past bury its dead and recall it never again.

Perhaps I am to blame. If I am, forgive me and I will try to do better hereafter. I shall wait anxiously for an answer to this. Frant, I wish you to take this in kindness. Some of the terms may seem harsh, but they are meant in kindness. Forget the past and be friends once more. Excuse bad writing and all mistakes.

This is from one who wishes as ever to be your true friend,

Edgar

Oh, how I would like one hour's visit with you! It is such blind business, writing!!

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