

Carver Hospital, June 17, 1863

Dear Frant,

It was indeed with pleasure that I received your kind letter. What a load it took off my mind! I did not know HOW you would answer my letter, but I am glad you did not answer it as I did yours. It always was my fault if I got displeased and carried it too far, even with my old friends. I hope I may conquer myself of this bad habit, for it is very wrong. I have learned a good lesson--one which will last me as long as life itself shall last.

When I got your letter, I had just got a pass to go down to the city. I went to the Capitol and Patent Office, got a very nice dinner and tired myself out.

What a dull place this hospital is. They won't keep me here much longer. All that keeps me quiet is I am expecting a furlough. I was before the Board last Friday. I don't know for certain, but I think I will get one. If I get one it will be for thirty days or more. If I get it, I shall have it about the 21st, so I shall be at home the Fourth.

If you go home after the term is out, you will be there a week or two before I come away. I hope you may, but if you do not, I had thought of starting back two or three days early and going by way of Buffalo and New York City to see you. But this is counting my chickens before they are hatched. I will not lay anymore plans until I get a furlough.

Everybody is excited here about the Rebs invading Pennsylvania. I think they will be as fast to get out as they were to get in. The rumor is that our forces have beaten them on the old Bull Run battlefield. I hope it is so, but fear it is false.

Frant, I am sorry things are as they are. I wish you to forget all that has passed, and let us be friends again. Should our friendship be broken, I would never trust a human being again.

Edgar.

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