

CARVER HOSPITAL May 12/63

Dear Frant

The other day when I wrote to you my thoughts were all over creation, the exciting scenes of the battle filled together with the march and being around from one hospital to another and unwell from my exposure and my wound. I could not tell whether I was in that world I once dwelled in or had passed to another form and style of being. But now I have got all rested up and slept up and oh how nice everything is here - good soft beds such as I had not seen in many a month and vittles as good as need be; and 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. I think it will be well in two or three weeks and I believe the change of food and climate will make me tough again - I hope so. I said if I was killed, I would stay in the hospitals - I think I did not know what I was saying for though everything is as pleasant as can be, I cannot content myself. I should not come as it was if the captains and doctors had not both sent me. I suppose they did not want me bothering around when I could do nothing but I'm glad I came. Joe Wood is commissary here. I took supper with him last night. There are three of the boys out of our company here with me slightly wounded. Brad is not here. Del came out all right. How awful warm it is here but all I have to do is sit or lay down and read. We have lots of books, and write. I help the nurse wait on the other boys - anything I can do with one hand, bring water and wet their wounds. I picked some flowers today when I went after a pail of water. One is a lilac and I don't know what the other is called. It is real nice. I will send you one, accept it Frant as a token of the love I bear towards you and though the flowers may perish and fade away, my love for you is as fresh as on the night we parted and my prayer is that nothing may happen to break that confidence which I feel in you and that God may hasten this war to a speedy and honorable close that we may meet with each other once more. I forgot to tell you before how to direct your letters - direct to Carver Hospital, Washington, D.C. I have not heard from the 64th only they were cut up badly, I think Cattaraugus has reason to be proud of her two regiments. Write soon. Yours truly, Edgar