

General Hospital No. 1  
Beaufort S. C. Jun 12/64

My Dear Cousin

I feel somewhat inclined to write a long letter, and intend to do so, not however without being conscious of the fact. that you may be opposed to long letters. but uncertain as to whether you positively are: Still. I “venture on it”. “venture wholly”. taking it for “granted” that you will have the good sense to pardon my ignorance. And that I shall be rightly informed on the subject in your next. You answer my letters very promptly. which pleases me, and I hope our correspondence will continue, at least so long as I remain a Soldier. Your of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Inst. Came last night, and is the first and only letter I have received in answer to letters written since my return to the Hospital. Tell Myra that I certainly answered the last letter I received from her, and if she has written a letter, for which she has received no answer, it is because it never reached me. I am no sailor[?] as you can readily see by examining the bottom of this sheet. I have since commencing this letter been several times interrupted by the playing of the Beaufort brass band. I imagine you will think it was more agreeable than provoking: so do I. So much so that I would like to have them play all day. Yes: I would have enjoyed the playing and singing you spoke of, could I have been there, but I am not sorry I returned on time. Two of the party who went home with me have not yet returned and have been reported deserters. How would you like to see that written opposite my name? Not very well I hope.

Since writing the above. We have has our usual Sunday morning inspection. We were inspected by the Officer of the day. And five Medical Doctors. That which is nearly about to be, may never be and we must not be too confident of success. I knew you did not feel well, so your indisposition to sing was quite excusable. I knew that you were not well from the fact that it tired you so much to walk the short distance we did; although the walk afforded me pleasure, I could not help thinking that it might be causing you great pain and suffering. I am not so much opposed to apologies as to be unconscious of the fact. that they are sometimes necessary. Though I always want them to be short and to the point. The dinner bell has just rung, so I must go. Dinner is over now. I will try and finish my letter. You think it may be difficult for me to read your letters. Not at all. for you write plain. If you think there is too much “style” about your writing, what must you think of mine. If I was a good penman I should have more correspondents than I now do. But since I am ashamed of my writing I must be content with few. One of my Saratoga correspondents is “no more.” Poor Rachel. I can hardly yet realize that she is dead. I see by the paper that her Brother John (who enlisted in the 17<sup>th</sup> N.Y.) has been wounded. Along the list of the wounded. I see the names of several that I have been associated with. How sad to think that this was must still go on until perhaps thousands upon thousands more “brave hearts shall be stilled in death.” I have just been interrupted again. A young man from another Hospital, belonging to the same company I do called to see me. He was wounded at the same battle I was. He is going to be sent to a northern hospital. He received a letter stating that my Captain was killed. So there is more room still for me, but in order for me to get a position I might to be with the Regt for they must have Officers, and if I am not able to be there, they will put someone else in. The Dr. tells me that I will only be an encumbrance to the Regt as I would not be able to march and carry the necessary equipments. So you see how I am situated, but perhaps it is all for the best. My Shoulder is improving, though I am not able to raise my arm above the shoulder (that is Higher). Give my love to all and write soon. Your Affectionate Cousin

Milton