

Have *no* uneasiness about me. Am in no danger—none. Got whole lot of things from you, yesterday. Thank you.

Most affectionately,
R. HATTON.

WARM SPRINGS, VA.,
December 6, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

I write, simply, to inform you that I am still on the rise. My fever has given way, and I hope soon to be up. My strength comes to me very slowly. Am as weak as most attacks of a month would have left me. I took my bed, just two weeks ago, to-day. Have had a regular attack of camp fever. Am taking, of course, every precaution; and, God willing it, I shall soon again be with my boys. My love to all. God bless and preserve you from all harm.

R. HATTON.

WARM SPRINGS, VA.,
December 10, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I write to let you all know that I am still “on the mend.” Sit up a good deal of the time. Sat up, yesterday, several hours. My attack of fever was a most violent one, affecting my head to such an extent as to prevent my sleeping a minute, for near eight days. Took one dose of morphine, which but added to the already excited state of my brain. So, we had to give up to it, and let it wear itself out. I took only one dose of strong medicine—three Cook’s pills—the day I was taken sick. Dr. Robinson—who has attended me like a brother—did not want to give me strong medicines; so, he and I agreed finely, on the treatment. He (Dr. R.) is still here. Will wait, and go with me to the regiment. I hope to get off, now, in a few days. Mr. Wharton left yesterday, for Staunton, I having no further need for him. He is a good boy. He was quite attentive to me, whilst I was sick. Now that he is gone, I am quite lonely, Jerry being my only companion, except when the Doctor comes down to see me. He is attending our sick, left here in the Hospital.