

Camp in the field near Winchester Va. Sept 7th 1864
My dear daughter.

I received your and your Mother's letter of the 30th Aug last evening. and my my dear child you do not know how much comfort it gives me to get such loving letters. It lightens the sad burd of my heart and lonely hours. So full that I have the sympathy of loved ones at home is a great blessing. God only knows how dearly I prize it. Your anxiety and sollicitude for my comfort almost makes it a pleasure to suffer a little.

Your dear Mother is apprehensive that I am worse off than I have represented, but you may rest assured that such is not the fact. My sickness is owing more to excessive fatigue and my great sorrow. I am completely unwell - so much so that I tremble at any sudden alarm or noise. I think I am getting better of it. You wish you could be with me in my affliction. Ah more but strange hands can administer to my wants. But you assure you that I am among kind, & very kind friends, who are sollicitous for my comfort.

I have received kind attentions such no other sick surgeon (and nearly every surgeon in our division has been sick) has received, Dr Barr who is Medical Director of the division - and Dr Childs do all they can to make