Dear Father,

I have just had another attack of sickness which commenced the day that I wrote you last I have had Dr. Corwin attending me and somehow he has not answered my expectations. He has poured drugs into me till I am so reduced that I can scarcely stand alone and am so poor in the flesh that I cannot get clothes enough under me to keep my bones from cutting through.

However the Dr says that I am all right - this morning and all I want is a week or so of rest. I feel myself that I am better but am so weak and dizzy that I cannot realise it.

The Col promoted me the day after I wrote to you: to a 2nd Lieutenancy in Company C. I do not know yet what it will amount to for our battalion is in such a wretched condition that there will surely be some thing done with us. When I speak of the condition I mean with regard to the number and unhealthiness. As far as clothing, blankets and good wholesome rations we have abundance.

Our tents have been very comfortable so far as the weather has been very mild and pleasant up to last night when it turned cold and is snowing away finely today. The men all have furnaces made after the pattern of our sugar furnace, I built the first one and as our camp is on a tolerable steep side hill they answer an admirable purpose.

My Captain is an old Frenchman and has been a soldier in Algiers. He is a kind-hearted old man and he has nursed me first rate since I have been in his tent. He, the 1st Lieut and myself occupy one tent. Capt Young went off to Ohio without telling me his business. Col Cassidy started on thursday for Ohio also so I suppose they will try to do something between them.

Capt Young resigned his place before going home for some reason or other. I am sorry for it for he is a fine officer. The last words he said to me were that I was safe and that we should hear from Ohio in a very short time. I suspect that he is trying to get the Regt consolidated with some Ohio Regt.

My appointment may not benefit me much in one sense of the word but it will or may in another That is in getting an appointment somewhere else.

Tell Mother that I wish she would please put what few things I have into my trunk in readiness to send it out. I should like very much if she would send me some woolen socks as the ones we get out here are kind of thrown together and there is no heat in them.

I should like some flannel overshirts any color but red, and three or four towels. My coat and pants will do good service yet out here in the woods if we remain. As soon as I can find out anything definite I will write. We may recieve orders in twenty four hours and may not for as many days.

I have been nearly all afternoon writing this, and am really so weak that I cannot write any more. Remember me to all and a Merry Christmas to every body

Your affectionate Son Robt Patterson

Col Jefferson Patterson

I can't look over this so please excuse mistakes