

THE SERGEANT JEROME PEIRCE COLLECTION

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ENVELOPE TRANSCRIPTION



LETTER TRANSCRIPTION

Near Fred[e]ricksburg, 18 Nov 1862

My dear Wife,

Just a single word tonight for for [sic] but a few moments remain.

I believe I wrote from "Near the *Rappahannock*," (with the *last* spelt wrong). Well for four days we've been "marching along", for Fredericksburg, and of Course was *exceedingly* happy to halt quite unexpectedly a little before noon today in a lovely place—woods, and rolling fields—with Gen Burnside's Quarters in front and Centre, on a knoll, like the *platform* in our halls.

There is a grand sight here now. Sumner's ([late Burnside's who is now commander in Chief) whole Corps lies hereby mostly in sight, some *Twenty-Thousand*, and as we left Warrenton Station day before yesterday P.M. it was a grand sight to see them moving over the fields, roads, thro' the woods, and at every path. it looked *like work*. Marched about *twelve* miles a day, (and eighteen, day before yesterday,) besides a *smart* walk on Sat. This morn the Reivelle [sic] sounded at 3 Oclk, & we were off at half past 5. expecting to go to F. (20 miles), but went into Camp here as mention[e]d[.] the Cause of the

Pause, as far as we can deime [determine?], is that Gen *Sigel* is ahead of us, and is master of F. I am more and more Convinced that the work will be short and *sharp*. We are the *Right Wing*, under Sumner.

Expect to march in the morn. Of course we were all tired, and my limbs ached, but have bathed and rubbed up my *feet* and feel *all right again*, and rejoiced at the prospect.

"They Say," McClennan [sic] *is a failure*, and that *now* something will be come. Well be it so, if so, which I am Compelled to believe, tho' very unwilling.

Have just had a nice Cup of the tea *you sent me* and 'twas nice. the boys are all in *good spirits*, and ready for the work, and I hope to see you in *some less than three yrs!*

My last letter from "near the Rappahannock &c" was the famous "White Sulpher [sic] Springs,["] a famous Southern resort in the summer, a splendid place once—grand buildings, park, bathing and other buildings. Visited it shortly after I mailed the letter and got one or two relics, pieces of marble from a broken Statue and button balls, or *Sycamore* as it is called. 'Twas destroyed in the retreat of our Army last year, for the "rebs" made it a resort of Sharpshooters, so Sigel or Pope shelled it, and it is a fearful Comment on the effects of war. Will tell you more I trust sometime.

We have marched over much of the battle ground of last year, and the whole Country is a mark of war. Neglected farms, ruined buildings, absence of men, children, old men and women, only at home. Altho' "Secesh" they treat us quite civil[!]y, and wish and [sic] end of the war.

'Tis almost dark, and must close. Have written to Foster & friends—also a short note to Joseph to go with a letter of J.H.'s. He is expecting to return to the Reg, being tired of teaming.

I presume I forget little items, questions, but pardon, as I write in a hurry, in [sic: and] in Confusion. (Have a nice *straw* bed tonight, and in tent with five others[.]) Adieu with a thousand loves, for yourself and friends from

Your Jerome

Direct as before—9th A.C. As you say about the picture of Lulu &c