

A Letter from Home

★ ★ ★ A Son to his Father ★ ★ ★

After trying to write a letter to his Papa in freezing temperatures, G.Frederick Ziegler, penned this letter from the battle front.

December 12, 1862

Near Fredericksburg, Virginia

Dear Papa,

Yesterday morning about 5 o'clock, we broke camp, and started towards the river to an incessant booming of artillery. At 5.33 all the cannonading opened - A solitary gun boomed away about 4 o'clock, which may have been a signal to be ready. We marched on slowly - halting now and then. The roar of the cannon was terrific. One crack followed after another from 5.30 to 12 M. I don't believe there was one silent minute. - The firing did not seem to me to be to terrible, as every boom sounded like "throwing boards together on a pile."

Part of Fredericksburg was burned (what a pity any of it was left standing) - Burnside by burning this town, show the rebels a determination to do no trifling - In another letter, if I am spared I will give you a better account of our sights and March. Till then good bye

My love to all.

As ever - your loving and affectionate Son

Fred

