



Meridian Hill, Washington July, 8th, 1841.

My Dear Mother;

Thinking that perhaps you would like to hear from your absent boy again, I have acted from that impulse. I have nothing of great importance to write for I have not yet left the ground when we are encamped. The weather is extremely hot. It does agree with me very well. Though I have not been on the sick list yet. When I get climated I am in hopes I shall feel better. Mother I miss your tender care when I am sick.

Many of our men are ailing and some very sick.

I have not a hard chance, ~~at this time~~  
~~to be sent to any of the places~~

I am treated the same here as at Póllond.

Dear Mother this may be the last letter that you may receive from me for some time

but I shall write as often as I have an opportunity of doing so. It is a pleasure for me to write home and it is a still greater pleasure for me to hear from there. You cannot write to often. I should be glad to have a letter from home every day. I cannot think of much to write my brain is not very fertile this morning.

It is now almost absolutely certain that we shall have fighting to do very soon.

Our Regiment expects to march in 2 or 3 days for the near vicinity of the enemy. The President advocates the policy of prosecuting the war immediately. And it is generally believed that the contest will be a short and decisive one. It is thought that it will be a comparatively bloodless one. But with regard to that He who rules over all things alone knows. I shall do my duty if my health permits and if I fall I hope to die in such a manner as to bring no dishonor upon you or my family, or any of my connections.

but I will not dwell on things which may not happen, but look upon the bright side of the scene. If I have my health I stand a fair chance of seeing home again, and those so dear to me.

Take good care of your health and do not worry about me.

My lot I feel confident will not be a very hard one. Give my love to Mother and Sisters and friends. Don't delay a moment to answer this letter for you know not how dear they are to me. I will write again soon.

Direct your letter to Washington D.C.  
Co. C, 5th Regt. M.P. 24.

From your Son,

Saint Frank Sherman

Mrs. F. Sherman

