

THE SERGEANT JEROME PEIRCE COLLECTION

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WRITTEN BY	Jerome
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ENVELOPE



LETTER TRANSCRIPTION

Review of the 36th Regt. Mass Vol.
Leesboro' 10 Sept.

My dear Allie,

Just a moment to write as a man returns to W tonight. A tedious march of 10 miles, a hard county, but well. I came in, did not fall out only dispensed with *gun* and have[r]sack for a short distance. Lame of Course but shall come out all right. The Boys are well, and "Game". Our tents are picked [sic] and H Mayo is with me tent mate. (No mail tonight after all but will say a word) We are now seeing the *beginning* of Soldiers life but my mind has been prepared in full so far. We must shorten our knapsack some, and *may* send home somethings, the Orange boys together, and we may not. We can't endure it all, and no soldier out here of the old Regs pretends to.

We are on a gentle eminence with woods around, with a Michigan Reg on the same ground, and others close by that we haven't learned.

Our Col is a *man*. Carried a musket for tired ones a good deal of the way.

I will mail a paper picked up on the road and you will think it looks like it[.] There is a Compliment for the 36th in it. Came through "*Pennsylvania Avenue*", the great Street of W. and had a view of the Capitol and Patent Office. A fine street, but the outside of the City is repulsive in the extreme and such a country for *dust*! You can have but little idea of it for our worst roads, some in South Boston and Dorchester come nearest to it. We are among *neutrals* or "*Secesh*," and see little enthusiasm for Yankees, but we are not intimidated and mean to gain strength for the Conflict. You will hear exciting reports &c. the rebels in Penn^a but it is looked upon as a desperate game, and the crash will come soon, for the troops coming in by thousands, and a few cavalry will fit them for the conflict.

I trust you are well, and our little Lulu. Kiss her many times. *Keep up a brave heart*, for you are a Soldiers wife, and he is proud to feel, through hardship and trial, that you know little of, he is doing a little perhaps to better your lot and the children to[?] come. I wrote Murray from W. You must write for the present, to the other friends, for we [know] not from one hour to another where we will be, and of course we shall be tired, and worn, but shall improve every moment as we camp, for I love to write. I heard on the road that the 39th Mass. had reached W. Is Frank moved yet, tell me when he does. Write soon, have not recd. letters yet.

Must get a little rest, while the *Coffee* is doing so a *kiss* and ever your loving husband

Jerome P.

We are directly North of W. 10 miles—not on the map by name, but towards *Leesburg*