

THE SERGEANT JEROME PEIRCE COLLECTION

LETTER IDENTIFICATION NUMBER	112
DATE OF LETTER	May 14, 1863
WRITTEN BY	Jerome
WRITTEN TO	Allie
WRITTEN AT	[Not indicated. Probably in the Middleburg/Lexington, Ky., area.]
NUMBER OF PAGES	4
TRANSCRIBER	Bob Johnson
TRANSCRIPTION DATE	Dec. 14, 2018

ENVELOPE

This letter has no envelope associated with it.

LETTER TRANSCRIPTION

Thurs Eve 14th May 1863

My dearest Wife,

Evening is come and though the mail brought nothing this eve, some token is your due and by my candle I close the day with a few lines more as a remembrance than to tell news.

The day has passed very quietly, have spent most of the day my tent reading, have rarely left my tent.

Yours of the 6th and of the Sunday before were duly received and you know something of the pleasure of the loving missive, and I trust your occupation will not lessen your loving messages for I find I live so entirely upon them.

Nature is looking lovely "beyond compare" at this time and compensates much for so many blessings and endearments to demand. Most of the Co. [Company] has been on picket and some have just returned and others going out. There is again a bustle and a preparation, which indicates a movement and vague rumors are afloat about a raid from Morgan etc., etc. and which we have learned to regard very indifferently but still we may move in the morning as rations for two days are ordered.

I fear it shall be dull tonight for there is absolutely nothing to write, but were I by your side with our dear little Lulu, how I could recall the past with perhaps a new interest! But now it seems like a strange tiresome dream. We are waiting for some intelligence from Hooker and are exceedingly impatient, for the papers are grossly sensational here and we feel lost in the dark and long for something reliable and pray that it may be propitious.

It is with gratitude I hear of your good health. Is it not everything? Can we not bear almost anything if health is shown us? I feel so and you may be assured I shall use every effort to keep it.

Am glad Hattie received my letter I wrote to Mary a day or two ago and sent some flowers for Lulu. I wish I could indeed write her a story, for Heaven knows, I want not be forgotten, and so I send her something she can see and handle as a token.

You ask me about supplies, hdkfs. [handkerchiefs], towels. I am nicely supplied. Bought me a nice towel at Camp Dick and have one I brought from home. Hdkfs. [Handkerchiefs], I have two. It is so far from home you need not attempt to send such things, at least for the present. My wants are very

few and I can supply myself from the Government. Have just drew me a new canteen, rubber blanket and one pair [of] socks and we keep our knapsacks as small and compact as possible.

I am glad you attended Teacher's Meeting. Pray don't exclude yourself when opportunity for going out offers, for all such things while they may indeed remind you of past joys, will still offer some solace. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to be remembered. It seems worth suffering something for and inspires to greater fidelity.

My thoughts have been much with the boys at Suffolk and I can but fear that they will yet see the sharp edge of war ere they reach home, but I trust the same hand will keep them in safety. Wrote Miss Waldo. Yet today, Henry Mayo spoke of his folks having a letter from you lately. I suppose you heard of the death at Athol of Miss Hill (one of John H.'s daughters, the eldest) that attended the dances at A [Athol]. Miss Goddard is quite well again but [??] tells me he is discontented and unhappy on his new place. Wants to go to California again, etc., queer if true, isn't it?

You may ask what I've been reading today, one of James' novels, perhaps I have mentioned it before "Arrah Neil", a picture of Cromwell's time in England, rather dull but winding up with a happy marriage and a death scene on the battle fields of "Edgehill" of two who were just united also, thus setting joy and grief face to face and on the whole a touching picture. Every deserted camp shows many books, left behind for the next to carry along, not all of the highest order, but still, I have seen Scott, Leven and James in the list and thus speaks of home.

You see I write in ink or pencil just as it happens. Sometimes pencil is very convenient for, unless quite careful, I lose my ink and I keep enough to superscribe with.

One of our men came up today who was taken sick the other side of the Potomac and several of the Regiment. We have meetings several evenings in the week, sort of a revival, I imagine just now. I attend on Sunday always, the others are more general in which the chaplain takes a minor part.

The "Tattoo" and my candle admonish me that it is growing late. So once more I must add a "Good Night" with remembrances to all friends, and love abundantly from your own
Jerome.

Please send in every other letter a sheet of paper as I wish to keep a little ahead. It's better than sending much at a time.

Fri. [Friday] morn. [morning]. All right this noon. Some good steak for breakfast, broiled.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE (Josef Rokus)

The "raid from Morgan" mentioned in this letter refers to a Confederate cavalry unit led by Brig. Gen. John Hunt Morgan. Morgan and his men are best remembered for the infamous raid they made into Northern territory.

Specifically, Morgan's Raid was a diversionary incursion into Indiana and Ohio from June 11 until July 26, 1863. It covered more than 1,000 miles, beginning in Tennessee and ending in northern Ohio. It coincided with the Vicksburg Campaign and the Gettysburg Campaign, and it was meant to draw U.S. troops away from these fronts by frightening the North into demanding their troops return home. Despite his initial successes, Morgan was thwarted in his attempts to re-cross the Ohio River and eventually was forced to surrender what remained of his command in northeastern Ohio near the Pennsylvania border. Morgan and his senior officers were kept in the Ohio state penitentiary, but they tunneled their way out and took a train to Cincinnati, where they crossed the Ohio River to safety. The raid was ultimately classed as a failure.