

THE SERGEANT JEROME PEIRCE COLLECTION

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ENVELOPE



LETTER TRANSCRIPTION

Camp near "Antietam Iron Works"
Oct 5th 1862

My dearest Wife,

Laying aside all sounds of war, I wish you could be here to share this lovely scene. I am seated under a *cedar tree*, in the lovely wood about a quarter of a mile from our Camp, where I stole out this Sabbath morn, "so cool so calm so bright, Bridal of the earth and sky". Near me is another soldier writing while another is cutting Cedar twigs, for flooring our tent, and no sound but the sighing of the wind thro' the trees. We have [had] very hot oppressive weather for some days, and together with the lime water has debilitated me somewhat as it has very many of the Reg. but am much better and hope soon to master the change. Yesterday P.M. it came out cool high wind, and rain, and this morning it is very refreshing.

And now, what shall I say to interest you? No change in the situation. One incident, of the past week, is a marked item. on *Thurs.* we were called into line at quarter before seven a.m. the whole

Corps, to receive his Excellency A Lincoln, accompanied by Gen's McC. and Burnside. waited about five hours when they appeared finely mounted, the Pres and Gen McC on dark horses. The Pres is like his pictures on the U.S. Notes, and I knew "a great way off". McC. was even finer looking than his picture, more of the refined, quiet scholarly man—small, finely built, and lighter Complexioned [sic] than you would suppose—beard like his pictures only not so prominent. wore a cap like the rest of us. Burnside is a towering massive *man of work* with an immense Kossuth Hat, Common *blouse* and like his *pictures* very much. Has a searching black eye, and white teeth and looks the hero every inch.

It was a grand sight, so many troops, about 8,000 in sight from where I stood, and from fifteen to thirty thousands, in all. accounts differ as to how many we number but it is a vast host, some--most--of them war-worn and broken Regts. with a few new Regts. complete.

Yesterday our Camp was a little start[le]d by a battery about a quarter of a mile from us, opening on the woods the other side of the river, so we heard the shot and shell *whiz*, and burst. Some said it was to scatter Rebs, who were erecting masked batteries, and others for practice on new shot and gun. We are near the traitors, and the papers talk of work but I think the impression now is that we (our Reg) will see no fighting but will go to winter quarters while more experienced troops will do the heavy work. The position of the armies would indicate a Collision soon, but we have learned that all is uncertain, and changeable.

I have a let[te]r to Abbie as yet unfinished and which I expected to mail [?] but [I] was to[o] fatigued to finish so[?] shall mail it with this. I wrote you last Tues. Have had no mail since Monday last. I have no stamps and it is almost impossible to get any here, but the Chaplain endorses them, so they will come. Sent you 5,00 in my last, which I hope you will receive. I think you will have no trouble about the *State Aid*, as H Boyden has his. I wrote to Joseph a few lines, about it. I suppose if they find folks have any *property* they will try and get rid of paying it, but I have no fears. I understand the Col. and I know one Capt has sent home papers to secure to the[ir] families the same.

How and where are you? How much I would like to see this business closed and could once more be in our good old sabbath loving N.E.! I am not "home-sick," but *war sick*—such suffering—the fact that such is the method to settle disputes, it is terrible. Very near me is the new-made grave of a Penn^a Volunteer, the head near a little *Cedar* the foot near a stump, with a neat board, name, age &c 100 Reg. A lovely spot enough, but away from home. Well, Let us trust that out of all this some great good is to arise.

Had a walk and chat with Alonzo. We are the same as ever, and enjoy much together, talk over our letters together &c. and even books in the quiet moonlight nights, and we are having lovely ones. With the "bab[b]ling brooks" and N. England thrift "My Maryland" would be a paradise almost.= I forgot to mention the "Katy-dids", which we hear in the woods nights. They say "Katy-did", "Katy-*didn't*," in a tone like the *Locust*. I think they must be similar in kind, but we Can't get a sight of them.

How is darling *Lulu*? She little knows how much you are in mind. God grant she may never know what you are passing thro[u]gh. Kiss her many times for me. I like your keeping her mind clear of sad things, and for her *education* some way will be provided—don't burden *your* mind, now, take all the comfort you can with her. I wish we could have been paid off. the last day of *this* month is pay day and I hope something will Come of it. If possible you shall hear from me then. I[']ve sat here sometime. Will finish at the tent after the day is near closed.

P.M. At my tent. It will soon be service time, and then Dress Parade, so will close.

It is cool and breezy, and feel much better than I have for some days, and if I could only get some letters would be quite well.

There is nothing since morning worth mention. Our dinner, was *Stewed beans*, quite good, but not a Sunday dinner at home, but we are hardened to our fare and most of us are hearty.

A few of my books, or some Magazine would have been a *delight* today as it has been very quiet. Had a prayer meeting a few steps from our tent this morning singing, ex[h]ortations and prayer.

Have read a paper or two testament, and thought much of you all. Hope this will find you all well. Don't get sick, *breaking up at Orange*[.] Shall expect to hear you are nicely fixed at B before cold weather.

Write often as possible. I will write other of my friends as I get time. Recd. E Hayne's. will answer sometime. At times I fell much like writing and again I get disturbed and Can't do much[,] so friends must be patient. I don't forget them. *Lucy, Mother* love to them each and all.

As ever your own

Jerome

Tell me of Geo Pratt and how he is etc. Burnside is riding through a portion of the troops and they are cheering him.