

THE SERGEANT JEROME PEIRCE COLLECTION

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ENVELOPE

This letter has no envelope associated with it.

LETTER TRANSCRIPTION

Charlestown Jun 15th 1863

Friend Jerome. I take your hint about writing and send you a note in Franks box.

I can't think of you as a soldier, you must be entirely out of your element. You with your intellectual tastes and love of quiet home joys.

I agree with you in your love of books. They are the best of friends. Good books are my delight. We can with them have a circle of choice minds ever about us and select them according to our moods, how we are thrilled with the noble thoughts of the writers, or charmed and fascinated with his fancies. What a world of good books there are.

This winter I heard in Danvers a beautiful Lecture on "Dickens" from my Prince of Lecturers. Gen[eral] W Curtis, in it he said, "No novel writer could really portray a lovely, beautiful, woman, bring her before you, as a living creature, he thought beauty was like an aroma indescribable!!

After the Lecture, I had the pleasure of riding to Salem, with Curtis and talking delightfully, with him. He is so genial. I took up his idea of Woman. He said "you know what I mean. 'Shakespeare", stands alone in describing woman, but Shelly said a pretty thing, once in trying to describe a beautiful woman after using the adjectives in vain. So give his idea, he ended by saying "she was one of Shakespeare's women"

Now I have told you all this to tell you of this pretty tale of your favorites Shelly in this lecture, Curtis spoke beautifully of Shelly. Oh you would have been charmed with this Lecture. Curtis gave as a glorious Lecture on "American Liberty." T'was full of beauty, it was thrilling, as he described. The great army of freedom throughout the world moving steadily on with is to be on guard – its rear and flanks – its pickets – all steadily – slowly moving. With Christ as the great Capt[ain] and Leader of all – the solemn closing "when God would cry in our ears – where is thy brother Abel"

Last Sunday, for a wander I went to the "Music Hall" and heard a most beautiful sermon from Mr. Cuming from the text "No man careth for my soul" and that was the[i]r cry ever surging up from society. The hunger and thirst of the soul of humanity for help and sympathy and our souls should so overflow with love and purity and sympathy, that underneath the conventionalities and the merriment of life we should hear that cry and answer it. We could only save our own souls, by saving others. I can give [?]idea of it with pen and paper. His illustrations and similes were beautiful.

But what a strange motley irreverent audience that is many men there, and that day at least
they heard high holy [things???] and [???]

Truths that ought to make them better, truer, [fuller???]

I must close. Tis so dark. I can't see. My sisters join me in regards to you.

Ever your friend

C. L. Waldo