

THE SERGEANT JEROME PEIRCE COLLECTION

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ENVELOPE



LETTER TRANSCRIPTION

"Pleasant Valley" Md 8 Oct/62

Another tedious march, and a change of location. Yesterday at 3 A.M. the call sounded, and a little before 7. we were on the march--our Brigade--and but for the fatigue and Knapsacks, should have grown quite sentimental. Took our course thro' a wild wood, up steep places, and finally crossed Elk Ridge, where for two miles it was like c[r]ossing Tully mountain—a wild scene of grandeur and magnificence. From the summit of the ridge is a fine look-out through the long valley, for miles dotted with nice farms, and where we got a taste of some apples, a treat indeed. But it was a trial to the Regiment, nearly half of them, yes quite, "fell out" myself among the rest, nearly all of the O boys included, the hardest time we ever saw, and a few more such will render the Reg useless. We are subject to the *Brigade* officer and were shown no mercy.

Arrived at this ground about 3 P.M. The distance was not so much but the character of the road, besides the weather is the hottest I ever felt, particularly today.

Our Camp is in a delightful spot, between the *Elk Ridge* or Maryland Heights, and *South* mountain *chain*, Harpers Ferry in sight about three miles southwest. It is one of those quiet retired

spots we read of, a grove of hard wood, a few steps from our tents, with a “bab[b]ling brook” at the bottom of steep banks and good water for drink or bathing[.]

Have been too exhausted to do much but get my Coffee--made my own last eve—and wash[ed] out a shirt this morn. Drills go on just the same, but they drag very much. This sounds like complaining—we shall feel better soon. I am still *about*, and am thankful accordingly. Wrote you last sabbath, and shall be very brief this time. I always write for fear something may occur that I may be prevented. Don’t know how long we may remain here—some talk that we may winter here. We can hear the *Car* whistle once more, which seems like home. But where and how are you? should like to make you a call, but it don’t look much like it a present, so we must be patient.

Had a letter from Will and frank, Sunday, and a[n]swered it, to Suffolk Va, all well[.] Henry M. is sitting under a tree writing, near by. Wishes to be remembered, and will be very thankful to hear from you. About your moving your things from O., I think you had better insist upon it, or *sell*, for I *shall not* go back there at *any rate*. Tell me all the items when you get there. Take particular care of the Library and Pictures for Lulu’s sake if nothing more. How is the darling. tell her papa has scarcely seen a little girl since he left her, and has only her picture to look at. Papa sends her many kisses, and knows she is a good girl. I wish I *could dream* of you, but sleep is sound and sweet even on the hard uneven ground, and has become almost second nature already.

Saw Alonzo R at Dress Parade last eve. The C boys suffered severely. Am very thankful to Foster for the stamp, one in you[r]s also.

It will soon be Co Drill and must close. Love abundently [sic] to you always. hope for a mail soon.

As ever yours
Jerome