

Harper's Ferry
Soldier



Albert P. Paul
Allens Hill
Ontario Co.
N.Y.

To all Friends and
Love to the Girls yours
Truly

Sargt Mat Lewis

Boliver Heights

Direct to
Mat Lewis
Co, D, 126, Regt, N.Y. 59,
Harpers Ferry
Care Cap Phillips

Boliver Heights Sept 1862
Dear Harpers Ferry

Friend Albert
you think by this time
that I have forgotten you
not quite so bad as that but
we have been very busy and
are now I will try and tell
you the whole thing now when
we left Camp Proarty we thought
of course we were going to Washington
but the hopes of the wicked Irish
When we got to Baltimore
we never ordered down here
and here we are when we landed
here we went to Camp Proarty
about half a mile from
Harpers Ferry we stayed their

till last night when we
struck tents and came to
this hill about half a mile
farther, we are now on the
Hill that our men drove
Asahby from last year
called Boliver Heights we have
the Command of the Country
for four miles around and
think we are safe but they
say Old Jackson is coming
with twenty thousand men
if that is so we have got to
get up and dash for we have
only six thousand men here
and some of them are like
is us don't know any thing
a hundred good men would
whip us, I wish you could
see the Country here around
Harpers Ferry it is rough
There is at Honeye Platts and
all rock but back two miles

it is as good a country as I
you ever saw the Fort of
Harpers Ferry is nothing but
Remains it is all burnt down
but a few old buildings not
worth much there was one cloth
in Camp last night one of the
regt Vermont boys cut his
head off last night we think
he was afraid of being killed
some of our boys are sick I have
been tough as you please but any
time will come before long
Corporal Peck gets along
first rate we have got a good
lot of boys I don't know
how they will work in the
field some will be sick I suppose
when you hear from me again
it will be of for a battle I think
on a retreat I shall have
to close now giving Harpers

Paes 1 & 4

Paes 2 & 3

Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry

September 6, 1862

Friend Albert,

You think by this time that I have forgotten you. Not quite so bad as that but we have been very busy and are now. I will try and tell you the whole thing now. When we left Camp Swift we thought of course we were going to Washington but the hopes of the wicked perish. When we got to Baltimore, we were ordered to down here and here we are. When we landed here, we went to Camp Prouty about half a mile from Harper's Ferry. We stayed there till last night when we struck tents and come to this hill about half a mile farther.

We are now on the field that our men drove Ashby from last year—called Bolivar Heights. We have command of the country for four miles around and think we are safe but they say Old Jackson is coming with twenty thousand men.

If that is so, we have got to get up and dust for we haven't only six thousand men here and some of them are like us—don't know anything. A hundred good men would whip us.

I wish you could see the country here around Harper's Ferry. It is rougher than it is at Honeoye Flatts and all rock, but back two miles it is as good a country as I ever saw. The town of Harper's Ferry is nothing but ruins. It is all burnt down but a few old buildings not worth much.

There was one death in camp last night—one of the Ninth Vermont boys cut his head off last night. We think he was afraid of being killed. Some of our boys are sick. I have been tough as you please but my time will come before long. Corporal Peck gets along first rate. We have got a good lot of boys. I don't know how they will work in the field. Some will be sick. I suppose when you hear from me again, it will be after a battle, I think, or a skeleton.

I shall have to close now. Give my respects to all friends and love to the girls. Yours truly, — Sergt. Mat Pierce, Bolivar Heights

Direct to Mat Pierce, Co. D, 126th Regt. New York Vols., Harper's Ferry, Va., care of Capt. [Philo D.] Phillips

Bio of Martin (“Mat”) Pierce

Born in 1837 Mat was the son of Martin Rounds Pierce (1807-1891) and Emily Mahala Graham (1818-1894) of Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, New York. Aged 24, enlisted on 4 August 1862 in Co. D, 126th New York Volunteers, mustering in as a sergeant. Mat was surrendered with his entire regiment at Harper’s Ferry on 15 September 1862, they having been active only 21 days and admittedly green.” Nicknamed “the Harper’s Ferry Cowards,” the regiment found it difficult to shake the sobriquet even though subsequent engagements proved them as worthy a regiment as the next. Mat rose in rank to first sergeant of his company where he served honorably until he was wounded in action on 14 October 1863 at Bristoe Station—wounds so severe that he had to be discharged from the service. Mat passed away in 1910.