

on to accommodate. We started and still found hundreds of wounded soldiers along our road to Boonsdo, and there we saw the first saw the wounded soldiers belonging to our Regiment. The appeared to be well taken care of, and in good spirits. The People of the town appeared to make them as comfortable as circumstances would allow. We passed through that town on Sunday, and encamped about two miles from the battle field. Before we reached the field we came to the field where a number of our wounded soldiers lay. Great God, just to think what misery war will cause. Men whom only a few days before, were hale hearty men, now laying in a stable and some in a hay yard on straw, maimed for life with out a single relative to soothe their aching heart. We arrived here on Tuesday morning last after reading the Potomac, and found the Regiment in a despondent mood, yet they appeared in better spirits than I expected to find them. Tell the children I want them to be particular and mind what their mother tells them. Let me know all the particulars about home.  
Peter King



Direct as before  
Harpers Ferry Sept 28<sup>th</sup> 1862  
Dear Hannah  
I again commence to address you a few lines, to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, after one of the most disastrous battles that this continent ever saw. I was not in the action, but it was not my fault. You know we soldiers, must perform any duty that is imposed on us by our Officers. You know, I was left behind as a Camp Guard and of course owing to that fact, I was not in the battle. I am in excellent health to thank God, and in good spirits. I must now

Pages 1 & 4

I sent my likeness. Did you receive it, I give you some account of our march to this place. We left Camp Barry the land of good water and bad pies on Tuesday the 15<sup>th</sup> I met about six o'clock P.M. and arrived in Washington about bed time after a middling tiresome march. We spent two days pleasantly in that city, visiting the different places of the Capitol. We started from that place on the following Friday morning, and being detained along the road by other trains of cars on the track, we did not reach the Monocacy Junction until after night fall. Before we laid down to rest, we saw a number of Secession prisoners hurrying for Jeff Davis and Alabama. The next morning when we awoke we then first saw the miseries of war; Heaven what a sight! Our wounded fellow soldiers laying in the open air with no covering but the canopy of Heaven, wounded in all the different ways possible for man to be maimed, and scarcely any of them with their wounds dressed. We left that place

Have you sold the cows after taking our crackers and coffee and started to pass through the city of Frederic, the place that was a short time before that the Head Quarters for the Rebel army. Along the road we met many wounded soldiers, who had passed along the road from the battle field, having no place to stop, when we passed through it we found it filled with sick and wounded soldiers. There we first learned that our Regiment was in the hottest part of the battle and although raw troops, the most of them stood it like veterans. After we passed Frederic, we also found wounded soldiers along the road not being able to get in any place by hundreds; we marched that day to the west end of Middletown, a beautiful little place and encamped for the night and in the morning after coffee and crackers we visited that place. We there found two large churches converted into Hospitals, yet their accommodations were short to keep all the invalids they were called

Pages 2 & 3

Harpers Ferry [Virginia]

September 28th 1862

Dear Hannah,

I again commence to address you a few lines, to let know that I am still in the land of the living, after one of the most disastrous battles [Battle of Antietam] that this continent ever saw. I was not in the action but it was not my fault. You know we soldiers must perform any duty that is imposed on us by our officers. I was left behind as a camp guard and of course owing to that fact, I was not in the battle. I am in excellent health, thank God and in good spirits.

I must now give you some account of our march to this place. We left Camp Marcy—the land of good water and bad pies—on Tuesday the 15th inst. about six o'clock P. M. and arrived in Washington about bed time after a middling tiresome march.

We spent two days pleasantly in that city, visiting the different places of the Capitol. We started from that place on the following Friday morning and being detained along the road by other trains of cars on the track, we did not reach the Monocacy Junction until after nightfall. Before we laid down to rest we saw a number of Secession prisoners hurrahing for Jeff Davis and Alabama.

The next morning we awoke, we then first saw the miseries of war—Heavens what a sight! Our wounded fellow soldiers laying in the open air with no covering but the canopy of Heaven, wounded in all the different ways possible for man to be maimed and scarcely any of them with their wounds dressed.

We left that place after taking our crackers and coffee and started to pass through the city of Frederick—the place that was a short time before that the Headquarters for the Rebel army. Along the road we met many wounded soldiers who had passed along the road from the battlefield, having no places to stop.

When we passed through that place, we found it filled with sick and wounded soldiers. There we first learned that our Regiment was in the hottest part of the battle and although raw troops, the most of them stood it like veterans.

After we passed Frederick, we also found wounded soldiers along the road not being able to get in any place by hundreds. We marched that day to the west end of Middletown—a beautiful little place—and encamped for the night and in the morning after coffee and crackers, we visited that place. We there found two large churches converted into Hospitals, yet their accommodations were short to keep all the invalids they were called on to accommodate.

We started and still found hundreds of wounded soldiers along our road to Boonsbo[ro], and there we saw the first wounded soldiers belonging to our regiment. The[y] appeared to be well taken care of, and in good spirits. The people of the town appeared to make them as comfortable as circumstances would permit. We passed through that town on Sunday, and encamped about two miles from the battlefield.

Before we reached the field, we came to the hospital where a number of our wounded soldiers lay. Great God! just to think what misery war will cause. Men whom only a few days before were hale, hearty men, now laying in a stable and some in a barnyard on straw, maimed for life, with not a single relative to soothe their aching heart.

We arrived here [Harpers Ferry] on Tuesday morning last after wading the Potomac and found the regiment in a despondent mood. Yet they appeared in better spirits than I expected to find them.

Tell the children I want them to be particular and mind what their mother tells them. Let me know all the particulars about home.

I sent my likeness. Did you receive it? Have you sold the cow?

Direct as before.

# Bio of Peter King

Likely born in 1824 in West Pennsboro, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, Peter was 38 years old when he enlisted in Co. E, 130th Pennsylvania Volunteers—a 9 Months Regiment organized in August.